In
Memoriam

Frederick S. Huntington

Columbia University
in the City of New York

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Bequest of
Frederic Bancroft
1860-1945

To Mrs Edith

With loving Christmas
Greetings.
From
Edwards.
1922.

MEMORIAL

OF

FREDERICK S. HUNTINGTON,

PREPARED BY HIS BROTHER,

W. E. HUNTINGTON.

A Sketch of his Life,

OCCASIONAL HYMNS, SERMONS—TREES OF THE KINGDOM.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Ps. i. 3.

BOSTON:
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FREDERICK SARGENT HUNTINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND FARM LIFE.

. . . Not in vain
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought.

WORDSWORTH.

FREDERICK SARGENT HUNTINGTON, the seventh child of William Pitkin and Lucy Edwards Huntington, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 29, 1852.

Before he was two years of age the family removed to a farm, situated in a romantic corner of the beautiful town of Medina, Dane County, Wis.; and here it was that Frederick found the arena for all those robust energies which characterized him

throughout his life. The curly-headed child, with his large, expressive, blue eyes and sunny face, as he is remembered by the older members of the household, gave promise of just the man that has actually lived and rounded out such rich fulfilments. He has not disappointed the manifest Providence that sent him into the world, but filled out a destiny for which he was evidently made and endowed.

A western farm is no easy school. Its lessons are long and difficult. The conditions do not allow for many of the enthusiasms, the mental friction and stimulus, the occasional intellectual outlooks and uplifts that most schools give to their diligent scholars. Frederick was a boy upon one of those half-subdued farms where all hands, little and big, must take hold and do something. Unfenced pastures lying alongside of the arable fields called for a swift-footed boy to supply the lack of a half mile of fence, that cattle and sheep might be kept in proper bounds. The village, two miles away, must frequently be visited, to supply the wants of a

numerous family, and the boy must run on the errands. Across the wide stretch of a large farm, tools must be carried, lunches and cold water for hired men. Chores! Is there any other name that to a farm boy has such fathomless depths of suggestion? In the house and outside of the house, for the stock, for the care of tools and machinery, there are multitudes of duties for which no catalogue can be made. And the boys are just the ones to "do chores."

Frederick's inventive powers began to show themselves at an early age — in making toys and tools. He generally had something on hand upon which he could exercise his constructive talents — if it was nothing more than a kite or a trap. The time taken for such work was generally on rainy days, and at odd moments, often at the noon hour, when teams were feeding and men were resting. His largest undertaking in the way of any farm structure was in his fifteenth or sixteenth year. The farm was irregularly bisected by a stream — Waterloo Creek — which was fordable during most of the year, when not sealed

over with ice. But at frequent intervals, by the fall of heavy rains, this creek was rendered impassable, and farm work was consequently liable to interruption. Frederick set himself to the task of bridging this stream; and succeeded in spanning the current with a substantial bridge, which served a useful purpose for some time. This inventive trait is worthy of mention at this early period of his life, for Frederick was rarely ever without some interest that he carried on aside from regular work, which called into exercise his ingenuity. As a student he was never satisfied with a hum-drum routine simply, but was doing something besides the regular tasks for useful recreation. As a minister he was full of expedients by which to enlarge and enrich his own life and the lives of his parishioners, as will appear later on in this story of his career. As we think of those early years spent upon the old farm, and of the comparative dulness of the hard routine, it seems like a gracious compensation of Providence that he was endowed with a rich poetic nature. He was gifted with eyes that fell quickly and lovingly

upon every beautiful thing in nature; with a heart that was easily and deeply stirred by the varying phases of seasons, sky, and landscape. This set of powers was no doubt partly an inheritance, for father and mother both possessed decided æsthetic tastes. Both loved music, poetry, flowers, the loveliness of a sunset, the majesty of a thunder-storm. They were always fond of noticing these beautiful things, calling the attention of the children to the expressive features of the world about them, which tend to cultivate and stimulate the æsthetic sense. Father was very fond of giving appropriate and significant names to different parts of the farm, which in its diversity and romantic features invited just this poetic nomenclature.

He called the farm "Cedar Bluffs," for the boldest parts of the estate were the steep wooded border of the creek, where several beautiful red-cedar trees grew — the only evergreens of that region. "Pleasant Hill," "Long Meadow," "The Copse," "Twin Meadows," "Plum Thicket," "Long Point," are a few of the many

names which were to the family familiar designations, and stood for exact localities within the farm limits. This facility in giving poetic and expressive names to individual parts of the homestead was only one side of father's wise way of walking through the paths of daily farm work. He thus threw out his imaginative powers. He had also a large fund of exact knowledge. This came out at odd times, unconsciously, and without pedantry. He had, in early life, acquired a thorough knowledge of botany. It was after his graduation from Harvard College, in 1824, and in connection with his medical studies that he gathered and analyzed a large collection of plants and flowers. His tenacious memory carried an ample list of names of many of the wild flowers that grew upon that home soil; and it was always a stimulus to us boys to see father stoop down in the meadow or in the field and pick up a fragrant bud, an aromatic root, or a blushing flower, and give it the exact Latin or botanical name. Many a time since those farm days, as I have seen Frederick admiring some tender flower, or pointing

out a charming landscape, have my thoughts turned back to those paternal examples and lessons. So it is that parents mould the tastes and faculties of their children. The most lasting things in education, both in home and school, are sometimes those lessons which are not recognized as lessons at all, either by teacher or the taught. This tribute is certainly due to the parental influences which nurtured in Frederick the fine, sensitive tastes which were such a charm in his character. It would be well if more of such influences could sift themselves into the laborious lives of the farmer class. No part of our population has better opportunities to see and to feel the tender, beautiful, and suggestive things in nature. And yet, too often, the weary, plodding yeomanry go doggedly through the drudgeries of home and field, with scarcely a strain of poetic feeling to relieve the everlasting monotony of toil.

As far as education, in its technical sense, was concerned, the period of farm life did not advance Frederick very far.

The few winter weeks when the district school could be attended were something, — at least, a little better than nothing. But a farmer boy, as long as he must be attached to the farm work, can only acquire the crude elements of an education. Several of us who constituted the older members of the group of children did some home studying. Our Latin declensions and conjugations were put through under father's guidance. And Frederick, perhaps, did a little of this hardest kind of studying. For in a large family, living in a small house, with so many unclassical and unscientific matters going on in and out of doors, connected study is almost an impossible thing, if not an impertinent attempt.

Whatever the hand of this vigorous boy found to do, he did with his might. Thoroughly objective in his whole temper, habits of thinking and acting, he turned all his strength into the work to be done, or the pleasure to be enjoyed. There never was, in any period of his life, anything reserved, constrained, or occult in his nature. His sensibilities were not

hidden beneath any cautious or suspicious bearing toward the world around him. Like the æolian harp that is set for every moving current of air to play upon, so his heart was ready to give its answering note to every influence that was afloat, and capable of awakening human feeling. This fundamental trait alone is an explanation, in part, at least, of his singular facility in making friends. Everybody loves this type of human nature — open, sensitive, responsive, generous; and Frederick, from boyhood on, was loved by all who knew him. He was also very richly endowed with a relish for the humorous. He had the power to make his own humorous mood contagious. His laugh was mirth-provoking. The twinkle of his eye or the sly wink would often upset the gravity of a whole company. Mimicry was one of his boyhood delights. Anything that was queer, grotesque, or ridiculous in men or animals around him would find itself reproduced by him. There was a flexibility in his facial expression and in his voice a power to impersonate that gave him great advan-

tage in setting forth the funny side of things as he saw it.

All this, however, as one looks back upon his life, appears simply as the play of golden light upon the surface of the sea. His mirth and frolics, his mimicry and wit were the fascinating surface-play of his bright, vivacious powers. Beneath this no one ever doubted that there were deeps of rich, substantial character which this evanescence could neither express nor exhaust.

Among the diversions of his boyhood life upon the farm, I must not fail to mention his love for hunting, fishing, and trapping. The burrowing musk-rat, the wild pigeons, partridges, quails, and ducks, which found a congenial habitat in the various woods and meadows of the region, seemed to awaken in Frederick the hunter's instincts; for he never lost an opportunity for a good shot. And his success was such as to keep up his interest in the sportsman's life as long as he remained upon the farm. I can remember the glow upon his boyish face when, at one time, he brought home seven wild ducks that he

had bagged from one shot. This taste for gaming brought him into relations of warm and interesting friendship with a bachelor who was the Nimrod of our neighborhood. Elisha Tracey, a Vermonter of genuine New England characteristics, lived in a small house upon a little farm half a mile from our home. His companions were a half dozen cats; his room was scarcely more than a hunter's lodge; and yet Elisha was a kind of oracular authority for the boys upon all matters pertaining to the arts of fishing and hunting. He was a splendid marksman himself. He knew every nook and corner of the town where game could be found. Of genial, jovial temper, he loved nothing better than to light his pipe, sit by his blazing fire, and recount to the boys his adventures and successes with gun and rod. His gifts for story-telling were quite equal to his skill in capturing game; and it was hard to tell whether he did not furnish another example of the power of persuasive speech; for it is doubtful if the boys would ever have made such heroic efforts for the game — not very abundant there — had it

not been that Elisha fired their ambition with his own enthusiasm.

But the chief element in the life of Frederick during these early years of country life is still to be mentioned. His religious history began then. It is a sad thing for any one to pass through the susceptible period of childhood and not feel the profound and impressive truths of the Christian religion as a personal experience, moving the heart, rousing the finer sensibilities, sifting the character, opening the vision to the high and holy destiny of an immortal soul. For if one grows into mature life without letting religious thought and motive find a fixed place in character, the probabilities are very much against one's taking these factors into experience after habits are settled and sensibilities become blunted. Even if one does in riper years become a Christian, he loses much of the power, momentum, and fibre of character which can be possessed only by letting the Christian faith possess and transfuse childhood.

Frederick's earliest religious experiences, as they became definite, pronounced

and real, were in his thirteenth year. The first intimation that any of the family had that he was thinking seriously and personally of religious things was at the time of some special services held in Marshall, at the Methodist church which the family attended. He had visited some of these meetings, and had become deeply interested. To sister Katherine, — now Mrs. Thomas C. Day, of Indianapolis, — who was nearest to him in age, he came one day with the announcement of what was going on upon the arena of his inmost life. He had asked sister Flora, next younger than himself, to whom he had given some intimation of what he had to tell, to bring Katherine to the door, where he stood just outside, and when she met him he said, half apologetically, "I only want to tell you that I have found Christ." Mrs. Day writes thus of her remembrance of the beautiful, impressive event: —

"It was about sunset on a bright Sunday in early spring, and I shall never forget the impression made upon me by his changed manner and earnest though happy tone. He stood before us — Flora and

myself — uttering words new and strange to our ears, yet full of depth and power. His face was radiant with a light which we knew was sent from heaven as he assured us he could do anything now — die, if need be — for the dear Saviour. With illumined face and gleaming eyes he declared with boldness and energy his new faith. Our brother had suddenly become exalted in our eyes. Would that I could now tell him, as I could not then, how I felt humbled and rebuked in the presence of such a revelation! At this distance I do reverence to that sweet memory of a life changed before our very eyes, attested by the living voice of our Fred. He asked us to go with him and *see the little tree* beneath which he prayed and found Jesus. No wonder he sought out the significant and lesson-giving "trees of the kingdom" in his later ministry around which to gather his series of earnest sermons to young men, which are printed in this volume. The tree was monumental to him of one of the great events in his own spiritual history; and surely for his vigorous, fruitful life we may find the

beautiful emblem in the Psalmist's imagery, for he himself was 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water'; he brought forth 'fruit in his season'; 'his leaf also shall not wither'; whatsoever he did hath prospered."

A year or so after this consecration of himself to Christ, witnessed thus by sisterly affection and sympathy, and after some varying experiences such as most young Christians meet, as they pass from the tender feelings which linger like a lovely halo about the inauguration of religious purposes into the sharpness of trial, the strain of temptation; and after he had become conscious that he had not retained possession of his religious life as he ought, he had another startling experience. He was in usual health, when, one night after retiring, he felt that he was losing his breath, and called Katherine, who was in an adjoining room, to come and help him to a window for the air. After a moment or two of silence, in which he was evidently making a mental surrender, he said that he had been assured that he should live. He had

realized that his life had lapsed from the former state of conscious peace and acceptance with God. He received this token as a visitation of the Holy Spirit, and having crushed the incipient rebellion in his heart he found joy and satisfaction again. Katherine and Frederick went down-stairs together, told mother of the event, and received her witness to his reconsecration; for she was deeply impressed by the occurrence, and looked upon it as a sealing of his discipleship.

Frederick was not fitted by nature or by grace to represent an ascetic type of Christian piety. His Puritan inheritances did not reveal themselves, on the religious side of his life, to make him severe, formal, dogmatic. Firmness of purpose he did have, which, like adamant, would not yield where principle was at stake. Those early consecrations, surrenders, and determinations were the solid foundations upon which he rested all his future. The little tree was to him what the patriarch's ladder was to him; and he could never forget the glimpses of an immortal life that came to his soul through its green boughs.

He had had a vision, as much as patriarch or apostle, and he was confirmed, by those stirring experiences of childhood, in his purpose never to be disobedient to that "heavenly vision." He had serious and even tearful hours. Christian living was earnest business, as he conceived it, and not a mere fancy. Yet he always saw the joyous side of the Christian faith, and exemplified its brightness, hopefulness, and beauty in the ideals he set for himself, and afterwards proclaimed to others as a preacher of the truth.

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION.

Life is the test of learning. Character is the criterion of knowledge. Not what a man has, but what he is is the question, after all. The quality of soul is more than the quantity of information. Personal, spiritual substance is the final resultant.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON.

THE period of his farm life had not been a favorable one to Frederick, in respect to mental training and the acquirements that come alone by study. Opportunity for the pursuits of the scholar had to yield to the imperious necessities of the farm and the family. But two very important elements in preparation for academic life were included in those years of his boyhood spent upon the rugged acres of "Cedar Bluffs." In the first place, he established himself in the possession of a fine physical constitution. Of compact build, naturally, he became muscular and strong by the discipline of

steady, exacting out-of-door work. He was rarely ill, or even ailing from slight disorders. So that the fibre of his physical outfit became exceedingly firm and capable. His work was always done with a certain spring and momentum which indicated abounding health, and an alert, nervous tone of bodily life. His step indicated purpose. He drove the plough or the reaper, handled axe or pitchfork as if he was master of the tool, and was intending to push the work to its end. No better gymnasium has been invented for training boys into the physical equipment they need for college life than a large farm, with its varied work. If there is any muscle or tendon, any nerve or ligament that is not called into play by the active vocation of a farm boy, it is very certain that no piece of gymnastic apparatus will find out such hidden, bodily powers. The other preparation for intellectual development and accumulations which had not been neglected in his training thus far was his religious character. Good health and good character, a sound body and a consecrated soul, are two

elements in any young man's life of immense importance and value. We are sometimes almost inclined to feel that what we call "an education" is over-estimated. It certainly is given a fictitious value if it means crowding a young man or a young woman through years of mental strain at the expense of health, so that graduation simply launches a physical wreck upon a career of disappointment, a trained mind mismatched with an untrained, feeble body. This is much to be deplored. But the other side of life neglected makes education seem even more "a vain thing"; that is, when it is an attempt at the cultivation of the mind without the substantial basis of religious character.

It is very doubtful whether the world wants simply educated minds for its advancement, purification, uplifting. For mere intelligence, quickened or even enlarged, is not of itself a guaranty of goodness in the individual so trained. Refined social conditions, or a better life on the whole in a class well educated but unreligious, are not at all certain results of

culture. The training of *good* minds, *consecrated* intelligences, by our institutions of learning, is the only safe kind of education. Otherwise the refining of intellect may be only the whetting of instruments whose sharpened edges cut the cords of social security, civil order, and real prosperity. So it was a safe and providential path, though a toilsome one, that brought Frederick to the State University of Wisconsin for his collegiate study and discipline. Madison, the capital of Wisconsin and the seat of the University, is only twenty miles from "Cedar Bluffs." And this beautiful town, with the Capitol crowning one of its summits and the University buildings another, was the Mecca for the hopes and ambitions of us who were eager and somewhat restless boys, as we approached the age when young men commonly enter college. It is very natural for sons to wish to graduate from the institution where their fathers received their diplomas. We became fascinated by the stories father had told us of his collegiate years at Harvard. The very name of Cambridge was poetry to us who had

never even seen its ancient University, its venerable and historic mansions and trees, and were living a thousand miles west of the Washington Elm. By no possibility could it be that any of us should be graduated from Harvard University. If the simpler standard of living which prevailed there in father's time — 1820 to 1824 — had been maintained till the last quarter of the century, it might not have been to us so impossible to follow in the paternal footsteps for our degrees in arts. But simplicity, economy, "plain living," it is feared, are not elected as popular courses by the majority of Cambridge students to-day. Would that this University of magnificent resources could only command that extravagance, effeminating luxury, unintelligent and immoral notions of the meaning of a college life, should have no admittance to its great opportunities.

Frederick's college years fell within the early administration of President John Bascom, who for many years guided the interests of the University with a strong hand, upon broad, intelligent plans. This man impressed himself upon the students

who came under his teaching in a way that tells strongly among the moulding influences of college life. His own methods of thought were strong, logical, commanding. His style may have lacked in the polish of the finest rhetorical art; but the rugged earnestness of his thinking made mere ornament seem superfluous. This type of man suited the taste and fibre of Frederick's mind exactly. He was too earnest himself in his search after wisdom to be very tolerant of any teacher who could not go straight to the point, and hold steadfastly to the work of unfolding the truth — the only proper function of philosophy and its expounders. Dr. Bascom was positive, serious, manly. Such a character met a cordial, receptive student in Frederick. While he would have been glad if the chief officer of the University could have had more warmth and sympathy in his nature, yet even this desideratum was easily overlooked in view of his sturdy character and robust intelligence. Many a grateful word of remembrance came from this appreciative learner in after years; for he had been helped into

the use of his own mental powers by this counsellor and guide. He had been started upon paths of intellectual life which proved over and over again to be "paths of pleasantness and peace." Another name must be alluded to in this connection, — that of Prof. S. H. Carpenter; for, next to the President, this man seemed to exercise the most controlling influence over Frederick's developing powers. He, too, has passed into the realities of the other world, having finished, too soon, it seemed to his friends, his earthly labors. He was also a man of masterly strength. Downright, clear, positive in his thinking, he was a pillar of strength in the University faculty. He responded to Frederick's admiration for him by a personal friendliness that was a great blessing. His hospitable home was thrown open, and Frederick enjoyed frequent calls upon the honored Professor, where in the unreserve and intimacy of the home atmosphere, teacher and learner could pass for a time the limitations of the class-room, and the pupil could learn from the master as was not possible by conven-

tional methods. Prof. Carpenter was a great help to Frederick in the development of his forensic powers. He saw the possibilities of his pupil, and while sparing no needed criticism, he also gave, with his criticisms, an abundant interest and sympathy. During the last year of his college course, Frederick began to preach an occasional sermon. Prof. Carpenter would take pains to attend upon these efforts of the student-preacher, and, with the tenderness of a father, counsel, correct, and encourage. The last time I saw these two together was at Frederick's graduation exercises, held in the Assembly Chamber in Madison. Frederick's part was an oration, into which he threw himself with much force, delivering his thoughts with fluency and ease. Just below the platform, a little one side of the crowded audience, stood this faithful Professor, watching, with intensest interest evident in his earnest face and moistened eyes, every gesture and movement of the young orator. I cannot forget how deeply moved I was by this evidence of the almost ideal relation which existed be-

tween teacher and scholar. It was easy to understand why it was that Frederick held him in most steadfast and affectionate remembrance. Both have entered upon a renewed companionship in the region of unclouded light, "and their works do follow them."

Frederick's college work was both helped and hindered by the necessity that was upon him of paying his own way. It occurred that for the larger part of the period of his college course, our brother-in-law, Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., now Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church, was State Superintendent of Schools of Wisconsin, and resided at the capital. Frederick was not only invited to make his home with his sister's family, but Dr. Fallows also gave him remunerative employment as clerk in his office to do certain work that could be accomplished at odd hours of each day. These opportunities were a great blessing in giving him a delightful home, and means of self-support. The only drawback was a constant temptation to reduce college work to the minimum. He could not devote himself with

all his vigor to study when the daily clerical tasks must be accomplished. Nevertheless, he achieved good success in the round of his college work, and came off with credit at graduation. The circumstances just mentioned account for his seeing little of the social side of college life, and engaging scarcely at all in college sports. But when the evils of college social life and college games are taken into account, it is not certain that he lost much that was of real value in being excluded from both these means of alleged recreation. Dormitory institutions have serious disadvantages. The "barracks system" of herding students together, unless they are of unusually good breeding and self-control, is very liable to be the condition for pernicious influences to thrive. Boorishness in manners, coarseness in language and bearing are among the lesser evils that will creep in to harm boys who are massed together without the restraints and refinements of family life. Other and greater dangers to moral life lurk in the dormitory system: idling, gossiping, gambling, and even debauchery and profligacy

are far more liable to flourish where the student community is thrown together than where it is broken into and distributed among the healthful and restraining home-life of a college town.

Frederick's college years were to him what they are to thousands of young men in the same period, determinative for his future career. It is difficult to conjecture what might have been the direction of his path in subsequent life had he lived through those years without the inspiration of that delightful home of Dr. and Mrs. Fallows. A family life that is mellow and sweet with pure affection, enlivened and made buoyant by the happy voices of children, in which a family altar is the central, binding power that holds, sweetens, and sanctifies the whole domestic realm — such a life into which a student may enter and live his leisure moments will give him the pure recreation and stimulus that even the best social conditions of a college community cannot match. It must be confessed that Frederick was unusually blessed in having admittance to so rare a home, in which

he was not simply *admitted* as a boarder, but welcomed and cherished as a brother and uncle. One of the most effective forces in developing Frederick's powers was a college debating society, of which he was one of the founders. The two older societies, the Athenæan and the Hesperian, had, from the early days of the University itself, been the only students' organizations for intellectual pastime and forensic improvement. A sharp rivalry had continued between these two societies, and one or the other gathered in, each opening year, such students as cared to unite with them — and each was well sustained, each did excellent work. Essays, debates, exercise in parliamentary law, orations and poems, of the usual calibre and range among students, were the chief elements of the programmes which were prepared for each Friday evening's session. Secret societies had not yet found patronage at our University. And it seems doubtful to us who belong to the earlier period of the University's history whether the later secret societies do better work or are, on the whole, a

greater help either to the student or to the institution itself, than were the open societies which for a quarter of a century or more were such a valuable auxiliary to the prescribed work of the College.

At Frederick's time the number of students had so enlarged that a third society seemed to be a necessity. He was one of those who felt the need, and he helped to organize a new body, which was to serve the same general purpose for forensic, social, and recreative ends as the two older organizations. The chief element of power, as an educating force, that a debating society carries, is the necessity it puts upon its members of uttering their own thought. Study and the exercises of the college class-room do not, by the very nature of the case, admit of very much of *giving out* from the student's own resources. He is gathering. He is at the feet of his masters, learning. He is in the attitude of a listener for the most part; and his special and imperative task is to remember and hold fast. But the other side of the educational process is of vast importance, if the student is to be

anything more than a reservoir of others men's wisdom. He ought to be constant and strenuous in the exercise of shaping and uttering, through the medium of his own faculties, the ideas which have entered into his mind: for it is less by the entrance into his mind of the thought of others than by the going forth of his own ideas through pen and voice, that the real building up of mental fibre will take place. It has been already said that Frederick had constructive gifts. He was fond of starting something new, that should bear his own stamp, and not rest upon another's foundations. This trait was constantly reappearing in all that he did. Mere repetitiousness in anything was to him intolerable. He made a violin while on the farm; and though it was somewhat crude in comparison with a *cremona*, and its tones not perhaps of finest *timbre*, yet to him it was better than the best, for it was his own ingenious, though boyish, workmanship.

The zeal with which he entered upon the work of helping into existence this new debating society sprung from this

same genius he had for original work. He was also, just then, finding out that he had powers of utterance which he took delight in exercising. His large, expressive eyes indicated that language came readily at his command when there was a thought to be uttered. His voice was natural, flexible, rich, and full. By nature he was gifted with powers for public speech, and he was fast discovering, by means of his college relations, and especially through this society stimulus, that he was endowed for a public teacher.

He was graduated in June, 1875; but feeling that his course had not been as complete as he wished, he decided to accept an offer from President Bascom to become tutor of history and rhetoric in the University, and to continue with post-graduate work in the classics at the same time. This double work he kept up for two years. During the winter of 1876–77 he also undertook additional work at the Marshall Academy, going out twice a week from Madison to tutor some classes of young men — Norwegians — in English, Latin, and Greek elements. Our

brother Theodore writes thus his remembrance of Frederick's experience in this work : —

" Some of these young men could speak and read a little English ; some could do neither. But they were all bright and zealous workers, and Fred was very much interested in them. They had great reverence for him, and never forgot the few weeks he spent with them. Fred made a study of each of these young men, and I think he never came home after a session with them without some account, laughable or pathetic, to give us of his afternoon's experiences. When his term's service closed, they had a group photograph taken of their whole number, and presented it framed to their honored teacher, which Fred has always carefully cherished."

Frederick used to tell an amusing story of one of these young fellows, which shows also how he had won the confidence of his pupils. He noticed, at one time, that this student was looking very dejected, and his work was poorly done. After repeated inquiries as to the cause of

the trouble, the young man at last, in great secrecy and confidence, explained, in what he thought was idiomatic English, that the cause of his melancholy state was that "*his girl had backed up on him*," — an attempt, evidently, to use the slang phrase, "had gone back on him."

Those who watched Frederick through those important years of student-life, from 1871 to 1877, saw a steady growth of manly life. Energies that seemed restless until allowed to do their very utmost carried him along through his course with spirit and enthusiasm. A soul full of vigor and promise now stands at the threshold of active life, looking eagerly forward.

CHAPTER III.

VOCATION.

The Christian ministry is the largest field for the growth of a human soul that this world offers. In it he who is faithful must go on learning more and more forever. His growth in learning is all bound up with his growth in character. His true growth is not necessarily a change of views. It is a change of view. It is not revolution. It is progress.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ALLUSION has been made to the fact that my brother began to preach before his work at the University closed. But it was not until after much heart-searching and mental conflict that he determined to devote himself to the Christian ministry. It was not an unusual experience through which he passed. A young man may have very decided capabilities for any one of the professions, and yet come but slowly to the full consciousness of possessing such powers and to the final volition which bends all future life to the demands of what is

known as his "vocation." So it was with him. He found out by college experiences, somewhat early, that he had tastes and abilities which might easily have an ample field in the work of the ministry. But it was not at first clear to his mind that the legal profession would not be more congenial, on the whole. He was attracted by some of the noble ranges of legal study and practice. He loved the arena of human rights where law finds its sway. He was attracted by the contests which must constantly engage the mind of the attorney; for the quality of his nature was rather pleased than distressed by problems requiring struggle — especially when it was right against wrong, truth against error. A knightly temper was hidden among the tender and sensitive elements of his soul.

The mental debate was for a series of months, therefore, between the legal profession and the Christian ministry. A business life also suggested itself to him at times. His fondness for a stirring, active life among men made him feel occasionally that he would be glad to enter

the arena of trade, and win from the sharp rivalries of the market, means for a large and beneficent career. I am not sure from anything he ever said, but have more than once suspected that the fact that having a father, an older brother, and a brother-in-law who were ministers, rather repelled from than attracted him toward the same profession. He was naturally averse to considering himself *predestined* to anything. To enter the ministry from reasons of heredity or of environment would be the very last possibility with him. His original force, his love of independent activity, his restlessness under a stereotyped and mechanical mode of life all combined to make us who were interested in his final decision incline often to think he would not be a minister. Yet, he wisely took abundant time to weigh all considerations. His counsellors did not attempt to urge him beyond his own convictions. His most intimate advisers felt that if he was to enter upon the sacred office of the preacher he could not be too well grounded in solid, personal conviction. Gradually the attractiveness of the ministry gained

ground with the debating mind. He steadily moved towards the path which his natural gifts, his regenerated moral nature, and his own convictions and tastes, as well as that Providence who rules over human destinies through these constitutional aptitudes, evidently marked out for him to tread.

His difficulties in regard to an ecclesiastical home must be mentioned just here; for these constituted one element, at least, in the problem of deciding upon his life-work. The conditions in which his religious life had dawned and so far developed were filled by the ministrations and ordinances of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its Sunday school, class-meetings, and sacraments were the general means by which he had been led into an open declaration of his faith before the world, a faith that no doubt germinated in those solitary and impressive experiences already narrated; and to a Methodist minister — Rev. Dr. Huntley, afterwards president of Lawrence University at Appleton, Wisconsin — Frederick ever afterwards felt himself indebted for giving him at Madi-

son, during the last few months of his college course, the final impulse which carried him into the ministry. Dr. Huntley was a man after Frederick's own heart in some respects — genial, magnetic, earnest. He was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Madison at this time, and seemed to take special interest in Frederick, who was the teacher of a large Bible-class in his Sunday school. The pastor was soon let into some of the mental conflicts that were going on in his parishioner's life; and with his natural vigor and earnestness he urged Frederick to take upon himself at once the work of the ministry. It was not long before he had the young licentiate preaching in his pulpit.

Frederick was almost unconsciously drawn, by the eagerness and momentum of his pastor's bearing toward him, into the actual work of preaching. Thus the man and the occasions seem to have been supplied at the opportune moment; and practical tests of his own powers were the final weights in the balance which convinced him that the ministry of the Gospel should

be his vocation. He was more sure, however, of his mission to preach than he was that he was altogether fitted to work easily and contentedly in the mechanism of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her doctrines were acceptable to him. Her joyous, generous, aggressive temper suited his nature. Not in these deeper essentials did he feel himself at all in antipathetic relation to the church in which he had been nurtured. It was rather with some features of church polity that he could not feel himself in fullest sympathy. So that he took no orders as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while he loved its worship, and labored earnestly for the good of souls as he had opportunity. Thus, no sooner was the important decision made as to what he should do, than another, and, as it proved, a long debate, began in his mind as to where he should labor. The old sharpness of boundary lines between the denominations known as evangelical was already disappearing long before 1875. The general good feeling and fraternity between the great bodies of American Christian life

make it difficult for one who has no special love for any ecclesiastical forms or polity to decide upon his proper place. Frederick had no decided tastes for the things in religious organization which are only matters of taste. His Puritanism appeared, perhaps, in his love for the simple and less ornate methods of church worship; yet no approach to severe and ascetic notions could be ascribed to him. He was too well equipped in æsthetic taste to err on the side of modern iconoclasm, and too earnest in spiritual life to be a stickler for the non-essentials of rights and ceremonies of any kind. The itinerancy of Methodism was one element, and the authority vested in the church officiary above the pastoral office another, to which he was quite decidedly opposed; and his opposition to these characteristics of church polity was not a superficial prejudice, but rather sprung from his own constitutional, personal way of looking at religious life and work. Over against a necessity of changing pastoral relations at the end of a fixed term there were the inherent qualities in himself which led him

to strike root in the community where he tarried long; — a wide acquaintanceship, resulting from his easy intercourse with the people, his fondness for laying plans, his intense interest in children and young people, and his love for fostering and helping them on, — such qualities as these made him look with distaste upon a system in which a preacher must cut all pastoral relations once in three years, if not oftener. Then, a still further reason for feeling no affiliation for the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church was that the system must be worked by officers whose authority over the pastorate is necessarily to be recognized and felt. Frederick's view of the pastoral function was that the pastor should be supreme in his place. His love of independent action lay at the basis of this. He had something of the Pauline love for building upon no other man's foundation, but constructing his work, from base to cap-stone, according to his own plans, without dictation or limitations from superior powers. These were the main reasons, hardly formulated to himself even, and rarely hinted at to any other, — and

yet the real determining causes of his not taking orders in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the year 1875 Bishop Cummins began the movement which resulted in the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Ritualistic tendencies in the Protestant Episcopal Church had moved many earnest souls within its communion to lift up their voices of warning against the danger which menaced from the formalism, exclusiveness, and even arrogant assumptions of the High Church Episcopalians. But notwithstanding protests and expostulations, ritualism was steadily gaining ground against Low Church views; at least some of the Low Churchmen thought they saw little prospect that their own conceptions of Episcopalianism, in doctrine and polity, would ever stem the increasing tide setting against them. This same body of men in the Episcopalian communion were also aware that in other denominations there were ministers and laymen who had decided longings for a form of worship that involved a liberal though not exclusive use of a liturgical service.

Bishop Cummins and those who acted with him were quite convinced that the opportune moment had come for an ecclesiastical organization to be formed which should attract to itself Christians, clerical and lay, from both sides — many Low Churchmen of the Protestant Episcopal body, and those inclined to a modified Episcopalianism of the large denominations. In doctrine, the principal reformations were to be the renunciation of the dogma of Apostolical Succession, and sacramentarian notions of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; in polity, the ministry was to be under Episcopal supervision, but the Bishop's office was not to be considered a third order, and the entire clergy was to be in fraternal relations with ministers of other denominations. The Prayer Book, also modified in some particulars, was to aid and not completely dominate the church service.

Into this movement Dr. Fallows threw himself with all the enthusiasm and eloquence for which he was already distinguished in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and was, in 1876, elected as one

of the Bishops of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Frederick's intimate relation to Dr. Fallows, his own searching for a congenial church home, and his sympathy with some of the distinctive ideas of this new organization, were all favorable conditions to bring him to a personal alliance with the young denomination. He became rector of the Church of the Incarnation in Brooklyn, N. Y., in May, 1878, after having spent the previous winter at the School of Theology, Boston University, and was ordained deacon in May, 1879, and presbyter in October, 1886.

There will be some further allusions to his ecclesiastical relations later on in this story of his life. But it is only necessary here to affirm what is certainly true of him wherever he labored, that the body of spiritual life was to him of far greater value than ecclesiastical raiment. He put his whole weight, force, and faith upon the Gospel of Christ. He loved to preach the Glad Tidings, and rejoiced to be able to lead immortal souls into peace and truth. Where this work was done, or by what special forms, seemed to be an insignifi-

cant matter in his esteem. With or without a surplice, by printed or by extemporaneous prayer, in country school-house, village chapel, or city church, — it mattered little to him as to the material surroundings. Metropolitan congregations were no more deeply moved by his tender, stirring appeals than the gatherings in the humble country sanctuary, to which he poured out, with equal power and tenderness, the wealth of his spiritual treasures. He never doubted his vocation after he finally determined, by God's grace, to be a minister of righteousness. His one aim was to be a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. For this he read, studied, travelled. If he relaxed in summer heat, it was only to gather strength to preach. If he threw off the burdens and reserve of his office, now and then, it was but to refresh the springs of life in order to be more earnest and effective in his soul-winning work. "This one thing I do," was the watchword of his life; and no one was a more devoted learner of the meaning of the great apostle's single-minded motto than this faithful minister of Christ.

CHAPTER IV.

CITY MINISTRY.

And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. — St. Paul.

Frederick's career as a pastor began in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the year 1878. A city parish is not, perhaps, the ideal condition for a young man to enter upon the work of the ministry; and yet, it depends largely upon what the man and the parish are in themselves. Frederick was at this time twenty-six years of age. He had already tried his powers by the occasional preaching he had done in Madison, Wis. He had spent about a year in his theological studies in Boston University, making his home with his older brother, who was then preaching in Cambridge, Mass. He had therefore a small stock of sermons,

and, what was far better, a fund of experience both in personal Christian life and in preaching the Word, which enabled him to start upon a pastorate with just enough capital to keep him from despairing in the presence of a Brooklyn congregation and two sermons a week. The Church of the Incarnation had been organized about two years, and had been under the pastoral care of Rev. Wm. Reed, a devoted and earnest man. Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Stewart L. Woodford, Henry B. Turner, Esq., J. L. Morgan, Dr. Ayres, and other men of weight and prominence were members of this society; and, though its numbers were small, yet there seemed to be the promise, in this vigorous organization, of growth and prosperity. Not only was the individual society young and plastic, but the denomination itself with which it was connected was also just in the enthusiasm of its formative period. So that the case was far different for a young preacher to undertake than if the society had been of long standing, and therefore of less flexible character under pastoral labor. Another favoring condi-

tion which was attractive to Frederick was that Bishop Fallows and his family had come to Brooklyn to live, and taken a house within the limits of this new parish, the Bishop having been appointed to a roving commission in the Reformed Episcopal Church, to work in all quarters for the upbuilding of the new denomination. The call to this Brooklyn church therefore came to Frederick with so many attractive elements that after some deliberation he accepted, and began his labors in May, 1878.

Some of those who were earnest co-laborers with him in this parish have given their estimates of Frederick's power, faithfulness, and success; and their tributes are embodied in this chapter. My own knowledge of his work there is only such as came by occasional glimpses and through the reports of others. It was no small task for him to undertake to minister to a congregation of the character of this one, and to give his flock two fresh sermons every Sunday. His ideals of a sermon were always high. He had the right conception of the function of a

sermon, that it ought to be the means of moving men in conscience, in will-power, in moral convictions, and religious desires. So that he adopted in this early period of his ministry a style suited to accomplish best these ends. He devoted his mornings to earnest reading and writing. He knew that to keep up a fresh and effective ministry to an intelligent congregation he must be a constant student of the Bible, and of the best books. I cannot remember that Frederick was ever tempted to devote much time to novel-reading: but he generally had some book at hand in which he found interest and delight, of serious character and nourishing in its influence. The plan which many clergymen have found the best, was his — to read diligently and widely during the early part of the week, and to do most of his sermon-writing the latter part. He rarely wrote out a sermon in full; but preferred to write the main portions quite carefully, and leave illustrative material and the practical appeals to be delivered in extemporaneous form. This varied style of discourse gave him best satisfaction, and

enabled him also to suit all tastes in his congregation, more nearly. He was singularly fortunate also in having friendly intercourse with such princes in pulpit ability as Dr. Richard S. Storrs and Dr. Joseph T. Duryea. He used to see these men occasionally in their own libraries; and to the young preacher it was a great stimulus and comfort to talk of ministerial interests with such men as these, who were so rich in experience and so helpful in suggestion.

Gen. Woodford, whose home was always most delightful and hospitable, writes the following appreciative testimonial to the life and work of Frederick in the Brooklyn parish: —

"You ask me to add a few words as to your brother's work in the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Incarnation in Brooklyn, where he was for some time pastor. My family attended that church during his entire ministry there; we formed a friendship with him that is still one of our most cherished memories, and it is a privilege to add this affectionate tribute to his service and worth.

"Your brother came to us from his studies at Boston, and ours was his first parish. He had chosen his work from an honest sense of duty. He cared very little for denominational differences, but as much as any man I have ever known for Christ and the Church Catholic. His especial sympathy was with young men, and he quickly gained a lasting and sure influence over all the young people in the parish. The church was united, earnest, and industrious under his teaching and leadership. For, although he was singularly modest, quiet, and even retiring in manner, he was still a leader who led by his gentle forgetfulness of self and his unfaltering fidelity to what he believed right. When he felt compelled to leave us that he might complete his studies in Germany, it was like breaking up a home in which the elder people loved him as a son, and the young folk as a brother, while all honored him as a faithful pastor and wise guide.

"His sermons were direct, earnest, honest, hopeful and helpful. He never preached for effect, never talked merely to be heard,

but always uttered a message that cheered and strengthened some one for a better and more manly life. I never heard him preach a discouraging or useless sermon.

"He went in and out among his people, a man among men. He had full sympathy with their lives and daily cares and joys and work; and yet he seemed to me always to be somewhat apart from us and to be strangely and simply walking with God.

"I have not given any data or details of his parish work in Brooklyn. That would be merely to classify the data of a parish register. But I have written to you of him as he lives in my memory — now that his form is ashes, and his life is like a tale that is told. His character abides and still shapes his influence. I am glad that you are to publish his last message to young men, for it must be that his words will quicken, strengthen, and help those to whom being dead, he yet speaketh.

Very truly yours,

Stewart L. Woodford."

Dr. Ayres has also added, out of a most affectionate memory, these sincere tributes: —

"To do honor to the memory of the Rev. F. S. Huntington, and dwell affectionately on his virtues, his character, and his service to his fellow-men, is a pleasing task. His work in Brooklyn was characterized by that modesty and earnest zeal that marked his whole career. His enthusiasm and love for the work to which he gave his life was of a genuine order. Coming to his first charge, the Church of the Incarnation, Brooklyn, N. Y., he revived the interest of those already in the church, and added materially to the number and strength of the congregation. His interest in and love for young people made him very popular with them, and he infused new strength and vitality into every branch of church work. A friend, writing of his work here, says: 'A new impetus was given to charitable and other work; earnestness and zeal were shown by a steadier attendance upon and closer attention to church duties. A spirit of good fellowship held the people in its fraternal em-

brace. The church grew apace, and established for herself a name and place among the churches of Brooklyn; and a most promising and hopeful career seemed opening before her.' At the end of two years, and in accordance with a design formed long before he came to Brooklyn, Mr. Huntington resigned the pastorate and went to Europe to pursue a course of study at the University of Bonn, Germany. This was a sad experience for the congregation, and clouded the bright prospect with regrets and misgivings. On his return from Europe he assumed the pastorate of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Atonement, and his work there was pursued with great earnestness and success. Though having charge of this church but a short time, the organization was strengthened by his faithful ministry, and he departed for a field of labor where he believed his efforts would be of greater avail, and redound to the glory of God. Ever unselfish, he forgot self for the benefit of humanity and the Master's cause. His was a noble character, and the world is better for his having lived, though his

years were few on earth. Many of the poor and infirm remember with gratitude his tender, helpful counsel, and how he was ever eager with open hand and cheerful word to relieve distress and dispense comfort. Mr. Huntington's professional attainments were of a thorough standard; his views were liberal as to denominational differences. Reticent to a degree that always marks the man of earnest calibre, with a sympathetic, loving nature, he filled a place that requires no lasting monument to denote the loss his death has occasioned."

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR ABROAD.

One of the most fatal things in the way of the enjoyment of travel is a mental condition of criticism and antagonism. You should surrender yourself to the influences that make the place you visit what it is in history and in art.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

In the spring of 1880 the opportune time seemed to come for fulfilling a long-cherished purpose which Frederick and his older brother had formed of spending a year together in Europe. He had spent two busy years in the Brooklyn parish, and was beginning to feel the strain of the continuous draft upon his powers; so that a year in a German University, with some travel thrown in, as relaxation, looked like a delightful break in his life. He determined upon it partly from a feeling of obligation to himself. He had not finished his theological course in Boston;

and he therefore felt that he ought not to settle into his life-work without a somewhat stronger outfit which only uninterrupted study could give. It was not to get away from his work as a minister, but rather to enter into it by a more abundant preparation, that he determined to spend a year in Europe. We therefore left New York, April 17, 1880, accompanied by Dr. Bradford P. Raymond, now president of Wesleyan University, and his family. Frederick and I were companions through some of the most interesting points in Scotland and England.

In Edinburgh, Cambridge, Rugby, and London we stopped just long enough to take a glimpse, and to feel something of the thrill that these old centres of civilization and letters give to the visitor from the New World. Every fresh and beautiful landscape, every storied monument, every noble cathedral, every crumbling ruin whose past grandeur had gone to decay, had its peculiar charm for him whose eyes were quick to perceive and whose heart was responsive to all that was tender, instructive, or great in nature

and in art. The eminent London preachers, some of them, like Canon Farrar, and Spurgeon, were fully as interesting to him as any merely material object in the old metropolis. We both were intent upon reaching the German Universities before the summer semester closed, and therefore mere sight-seeing was cut short. At Bonn, Frederick decided to tarry and enter upon study. We called upon Prof. Christlieb in his delightful study, and were most cordially welcomed. He was then preaching and lecturing at the University of Bonn, and seemed to be in the full vigor of his powers. Frederick was drawn to him at once; and it was the strong personality of this man, as much as the renown of the University itself, that attracted him. Prof. Christlieb was then giving lectures both on Homiletics and on Missions. Both these courses interested Frederick, and he was a faithful listener to his instructor, not only in these more formal studies, but also in the Saturday afternoon talks which Christlieb gave to a company of his most earnest students,

when in the privacy of his study or during a ramble in the fields, along the beautiful borders of the Rhine, he would reveal the riches of his own consecrated life, and drop many a wise and fruitful suggestion.

Prof. Christlieb stood forth as one of the most earnest defenders of a vital, evangelical faith in the German Universities. At a time when the fashionable thing among University men was to criticise and to doubt the great biblical utterances of Christianity, Theodore Christlieb was known and will continue to be remembered as a faithful and earnest preacher of the truth, loyal to the plain declarations of the Scriptures, zealous for the spread of a warm, practical type of Christian life over the world, and sincerely working to counteract the tendencies toward formalism and rationalism in the Lutheran confession. This eloquent preacher and fervent expounder of Christian truth was Frederick's chief guide in his German studies. The language, of which he had some knowledge before he left America, came much more easily and rapidly to him

by reason of the Saturday afternoons with Prof. Christlieb, and through the genial companionships which were formed with German students. During the time he was in Bonn, he also formed pleasant acquaintance with a number of English and American residents, and occasionally assisted in the Sunday services kept up by the English-speaking colony.

A vigorous missionary society was formed by Prof. Christlieb's influence among the University theological students. I recollect Frederick's account of one of the public meetings of this society to raise funds for mission purposes, and his amused expression as he told how, in reckoning up the expense of the beer for this Sunday afternoon missionary meeting, it was found that the collection for missions was less than the beer-bill. First, the incongruity of having beer served at a missionary meeting at all; and then the fact that the audience paid more for the beverage than they did for evangelizing the heathen, was absurd to the last degree to an American preacher. The direction which Frederick gave to his studies in

Germany showed that he was not swerving in the least from the path of ministerial work upon which he had so earnestly entered. He intended that every acquisition in the Old World, every new inspiration, should only contribute towards a more ample equipment for preaching the Gospel. His studies in Bonn all centred in the theological department.

My own studies were taken up in Leipzig, where Dr. Raymond and family also settled, in May. After the summer term of lectures had closed, both at Leipzig and Bonn, Frederick and I met at Frankfort to begin our summer travel in company. Never were two young men more ready for a tramp into the glorious mountain region of Switzerland than were we after the strain of a three months' struggle with the German language. Those who have been through the discouragements and effort at conquering a foreign language know well the feelings of helplessness, ignorance, and hopelessness that occasionally come, like a pall, over the mind during the first weeks of study. Especially with those whose knowledge of the coveted

language has been gained through grammar and dictionary, and who have felt that a fair book-knowledge was already acquired, do these back-sets come as a peculiar trial when among the people whose tongue is being studied. Behind us were those weeks of hard study; before us were three months to be spent in Southern Europe. Our eyes were lifted toward the Alps, those everlasting hills that form the great water-shed dividing the Roman from Anglo-Saxon civilizations.

At Heidelberg we tarried long enough to see something of its ancient University, to walk about its splendid castle ruin, and out upon its royal mountain-top. Our first real taste of Swiss scenery was at Lucerne. One of the rarest Sundays that we spent together anywhere among the sacred places of Europe was out on the neighboring heights of this lovely town. No cathedral can rival the majestic architecture of the Alps, whose massive pillars, cloud-piercing summits, and imperishable walls are such as no human power could build. Nature, unaided by the thought which Revelation has added, would still be the same to the

mere vision. Mountains would be as massive, sea as boundless, every crystal, flower, and bird as wonderful in form and structure. But only through the inspiration of those higher ranges of truth which have been revealed in the Sacred Word do all these material things take on their real significance. So when these two preachers turned aside from the stately services of the Lucerne cathedral, they entered for their Sabbath meditation and worship into the mountain solitudes, — Pilatus on one side, Rhigi on the other, and the summits of the Bernese Oberland spread like a billowing sea, making a great foreground of superb scenery.

It is difficult to choose between the different centres of Switzerland to determine which is the more favored spot for the traveller. The fact is that no one mountain-height, or village, or valley has all the beauty or grandeur. The pilgrim who takes his staff and bundle, deserts the highways of travel used by rail or coach, and follows the foot-paths over mountains, snow-fields, and glaciers, certainly has the advantage over all other visitors to these wonderful regions.

A memorable walk which we took from Lucerne was from the Lake up the valley of the Reuss to Hospenthal, thence over the Furka Pass, across the Rhone Glacier by the Grimsel Hospice, along a dashing mountain stream to Lake Brienz and to Interlaken. Such alternations of beauty and majesty! Our steady pace was the measure of the movement of the panorama. It was not always sunshine, but the bright days were all the more glorious after a trudge through rain and mud. One plunge down the steep descent into the vale where the lonely Grimsel Hospice stands was made in a drenching thunder-shower. Frederick was a sturdy mountainer; but his feet were literally stripped of their covering in this rough, precipitous walk, so that his first inquiry was for the resident cobbler at the Hospice.

After a visit at Interlaken and Geneva, our second tramp was undertaken. Geneva had been made very interesting by our meeting with Rev. Abel Stevens, D. D., who had been for some years a resident there, and who was in charge of

the American chapel. He kindly guided us to some of the most interesting spots in the neighborhood of Geneva, especially to those made famous by Byron and D'Aubigné. Our first glimpse of Mount Blanc was gained by us after a walk of a few hours through the Tete Noir Pass from Martigny. It was a perfectly cloudless day in early September when we stood upon Col de Balme in full view of the Mer de Glace and the gigantic proportions of the mountain of snow and ice, the vale of Chamouni lying like an emerald cradle at our feet in the immediate foreground. Our third and most difficult tramp was begun at the confluence of the Rhone and the Visp rivers in the Rhone valley. Following up along the valley of the little tributary, the pedestrian finds the mountains rising in larger and larger outlines, for he is facing toward the giants that stand sentinels about the little village of Zermatt. Our first view of the chief of these colossal piles of rock was during a thunder-storm; the Matterhorn looked grim and steadfast in the midst of the storm of lightning, rain, and wind, and the

thunder-bolts were prolonged into great continuous rolls, as from some immense organ, by the reverberations from adjacent mountain-sides. We had the exact counterpart in our next day's view of the same great peak from the Riffel; for the sky was calm and blue, fleecy clouds floated above the high crests and snow-fields, and a perfect picture of repose, solitude, and quiet majesty had replaced the wild scene of an Alpine thunder-storm. Our walk from the Riffel over the Gorner Grat, the Weissthor, and the old Monte Mora Pass to the Italian Lakes was full of interest as well as of toil. The first part of this journey was begun under a clear starlight, with guides and lanterns, for we started long before the morning light was visible upon the top of Monte Rosa. We passed under its bulky side, and the stillness of the air was broken by an occasional avalanche tumbling and rasping along down its ribs. To travel for eight hours upon a trackless field of snow, to see the chamois skipping among the cliffs and ice-fields, to sit and lunch upon a ridge of unmelting snow more than ten

thousand feet above sea level, to look off from this height one way upon the greatest monarchs of the Alps, and the other way upon the fruitful plains of Lombardy, and to feel the exhilaration, not of such an altitude, but of such rare Alpine glories, were experiences which made that day one which can never be forgotten. Frederick's own impressions of our subsequent visits in Italian cities are best given in his own words: —

"Were it my privilege to advise as to the time and way of entering Italy, the land of clear skies and buoyant atmosphere, I would say — let the time be early autumn, and the way, over the Alps by Zermatt, and the Weissthor. But whether one takes this snowy path or crosses by the Simplon Pass, one brings the vigor and robust health which change of temperature and of water cannot easily disturb. Follow on, until the valley and river Anza lead to the first of the Italian lakes. Linger at the Lakes Maggiore and Como, until the beauty and sweetness of upper Italy have left their offerings of life in soul and body. One cannot go back, but will soon find himself in Milan, the first important resting-place in a pilgrimage to Rome. Of art, there is one piece which comes to mind whenever one turns in retrospect to Milan, Leonardo de Vinci's *The Last Supper*. The work is a

creation; and the mind of the visitor is led along by the masterful skill of one who caught the spirit and temper of the Twelve gathered at the Supper with their Lord. . . . The beautiful cathedral is the master-piece of Milanese architecture. From the quarries of Gandoglia, on the border of Lake Maggiore, came the material of this cathedral, the pride of Christianity and of the world, a building that fills the soul with wonder, and proclaims its vastness in such lines of beauty as are seen in none of the other cathedrals of Europe. . . . It is Venice that one travels far to see; Venice, which once seen is never forgotten. The life of the city, its past glory and present interests, are gathered about St. Mark's. Above all times to be chosen for moving about the canals of Venice is the evening when a full moon rises over sea and city, and when the countless lights give a splendor and interest to a scene which is indescribable. It is then that one delights to recall the history of the city and the beginnings of Venetian life, when refugees fled before the remorseless conqueror of the North, and built their rude huts upon the islets off shore when the tides of the Adriatic permitted. These small islands, little by little, became populous; ships came to and went from the Republic of the sea; the wealth of the East passed through the hands of her merchants, and Venice at length gloried in a wealth born of the noble parentage of adversity. . . . As one winds down the slope of the Apennines towards Florence, a flood of recollections and

anticipations comes to mind; but these can never be greater than the real charms of the city itself, which lies on both banks of the beautiful Arno, a river which flows in such pleasing windings that one forgets that its waters are turbid. It is always pleasant for Americans to reflect that, in a way, we have become associated with the art history of Florence, and that now, as a country, we are known through American sculptors whose villas and studios grace some of the high places beyond the Arno. The sculptor of the *Greek Slave* is gone; but upon his sons, who still keep open the studio, the mantle of their father's genius seems to have fallen — the Powers brothers. Thomas Ball, also, as Americans well know, has wrought many memorial pieces of superior merit for our country. His villa-home we found in the same delightful suburbs of Florence. . . . The Westminster Abbey of the city is the church of *Santa Croce*, where Galileo and Michael Angelo were laid to rest. Their tombs are prominent among many others that bear the names of Italy's honored dead. Florence is best known by her art treasures gathered principally in the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries. The nations are glad that Italy once had her Medicis to extend their munificent patronage to the development and spread of the arts. Beautiful Florence, the home and treasury of so much that is an inspiration to the soul! May no rough hand of war, no desolating power be laid upon thy vine-girded slopes and olive orchards! May these rich galleries remain in-

violate for ages, that thousands yet may visit them from all the distant lands! . . .

It is not mere curiosity that brings the traveller to Rome. Rome's ancient pageantry is gone. But modern research has dug down through the rubbish of careless ages, and has kindled an interest in the great city's magnificent history, which has resulted in modern excavations that are so helpful to the archæologist, so gratifying to every student and lover of the story of imperial Rome.

To go where the Palace of the Cæsars stood, to look into the guard-room of the Prætorium where Paul was probably imprisoned, then away to the Coliseum, the grandest of the world's ruins perhaps, to the *Via Sacra*, where the ruts of chariot wheels are cut deep into the pavement, to the Forum, where so much of Roman history centres, — this is to see Rome. The old aqueduct, the ruins of Caracalla's splendid baths, the famous Arches, Palaces, and Temples, the marvellous road called the Appian Way, along which came many returning armies with trains of battle-spoils and victorious banners, — these ancient and most venerated ruins, together with the churches, the galleries, St. Peter's, and the Vatican, crowning the latter-day glories, make Rome easily chief among the great cities of Europe.

I have selected these extracts from a lecture — Among Italy's Treasures — which

Frederick delivered in Brooklyn, and which, at the request of many friends and by the special kindness of Mr. F. R. Gillespie, was published in a small volume.

After our Summer excursion into the South was ended and Rome, the chief city, had been our delight for a fortnight in October, we were glad to turn our faces toward university work once more. For the Winter semester, Frederick decided to take up his work in Göttingen, where Mr. Raymond and I had previously determined to spend the rest of our year, principally for the sake of hearing lectures by Hermann Lotze, who was then, as it proved, giving his last course of lectures in philosophy, for he was called to Berlin University in March, and died there very soon after his transfer. Frederick took a course of lectures under Prof. Lotze and also a course in theology under Prof. Schultz.

After the holidays, during which we visited Berlin and Dresden, Frederick returned to Bonn University, where he continued his work under Prof. Christlieb till the first of March. We then closed our German student-life, and went to-

gether to Paris; after a few days delightfully spent there, and a week in London, we crossed the sea once more, ready for new toils in the old paths of ministerial service.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COUNTRY PARISH.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. — ISAIAH.

FREDERICK had resigned his pastorate over the congregation of the Church of the Incarnation when he left for Europe, April, 1880, so that he was free to enter upon any work that seemed to be a providential one upon his return in 1881. The Reformed Episcopal Church in East Brooklyn was just at this time without a rector; and he was urgently invited to supply the vacant pulpit. This he consented to do for six months, leaving the question of a permanent settlement an open one. He was therefore almost immediately at work for the Master; and he found an abundant field, in this young society, for all his energy. Yet he was still hesitant in re-

spect to making the Reformed Episcopal Church his ecclesiastical home. The denomination did not seem to be growing with the vigor that its founders had prophesied, and the outlook for a young man, just entering upon his career, was not such as to challenge all his enthusiasm. At the expiration of the term for which he had engaged to supply this East Brooklyn Church, he decided not to settle, much to the regret of the membership, and was again free. Bishop Fallows was still Missionary Bishop, and his eye was upon the needs of the denomination far and wide.

A little society in Moncton, New Brunswick, was without a shepherd, and Frederick was invited to go there and supply the pulpit for the winter 1881–82. His active temperament, and love of change and travel, induced him to accept the invitation; and he afterwards spoke of his Canadian pastorate, of a few months only, with much interest. Having filled out the term of supply at Moncton he returned to Boston in the spring of 1882.

It was very natural that he had often turned his thoughts towards his unfinished

theological course which he had begun in 1877, at Boston University. This break in his work of preaching seemed to offer an opportunity for him to complete his course for the degree of Bachelor of Theology. He thus re-entered upon his studies, and at the same time undertook to supply the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Allston, a suburb of Boston. The pulpit work thus opened to him made him quite contented to go on with a course of study, feeling, as he did, that he was not laying down his practical work. His Allston work was in some respects a difficult one; but the results of his labors there, to July, 1883, were felt long after he had gone, in the hearts of many of the young people who were brought to Christ by his preaching and life. After his course in theology was ended, and a good work wrought in the Allston community, he went, during the summer of 1883, to make a visit to Worthington. This proved to be the beginning of his pastorate of five years in that almost ideal country parish. For the Worthington (Congregational) church was then with-

out a pastor; and he was invited to supply the pulpit while a visitor in this delightful hill-town. Something in the very air of Worthington was stimulating and inspiring. He loved the freedom from conventionalities which such a community and parish necessarily enjoyed. He was not made to enjoy the restraints, the formalities, the artificialities in social life which are quite sure to invade our municipalities everywhere. Frederick had seen enough of city parish work to understand something of the hinderances which a pastor must meet in his efforts to increase spiritual life and religous interest among the distractions and formalisms of metropolitan conditions. Nothing distresses a city pastor more than to feel his work crowded upon in its every department by the noisy, showy, imperious city itself. The city is materialistic and mechanical almost by necessity. So that our churches planted in the midst of city conditions are quite liable to be infected by the tone and temper of the community in which they must exist. The country, on the other hand, is quiet; the feverish municipal

spirit never intrudes; the materialism, if it exists, is of quite another sort. Country Christians may be as worldly as city saints, but their wordliness is of a different type.

Worthington is a town of farmers, with several interesting families of retired business men living in quiet comfort. There is scarcely nucleus enough of houses anywhere in the township to be called a proper village. The town has been known from immemorial days of New England history as one of the most thrifty agricultural districts of Massachusetts. Its population is somewhat sparsely scattered over the hills and valleys; and yet there is an appearance of comfort and prosperity in the homes and farms, which elements are sadly wanting in many of the agricultural districts ofNew England. The Worthington meeting-house, as it stood when Frederick preached his first sermon there, was a town land-mark. Standing in about the centre of the town, on high table-land, and painted white, it could be seen from many hill-tops both within and beyond the town limits. The dwellers in this hill-

country are fully up to the average of intelligence among the New England yeomanry. And the fact that for generations this one church has been the centre of the religious life of the town, gave to it an importance which it could not have had if the spiritual interests of the community had been divided between three or four Christian organizations.

Frederick preached with such acceptance during the weeks of his vacation that he was pressed by influential members of the church and congregation to become a permanent supply for a year. As he was under no very stringent obligation to the Allston society, having taken up his work there simply under the direction of the Presiding Elder — he felt free to enter what seemed to him an open door for earnest and effective work. So that, instead of returning to Allston, he disengaged himself, through correspondence, from his work there, and agreed to supply the Worthington pulpit for a year. To many of his friends, and probably to some of the town's people themselves, his strong, enthusiastic love for this country parish

seemed strange. Quite distant from a railway station, with no special opportunity for intellectual stimulus and life outside of pastoral duties and relations, this parish, it was thought, could hardly be attractive to him, Summer and Winter, year in and year out.

It may suffice, if I mention two or three facts which serve to explain the charm which Worthington had for him.

First, Frederick had an ardent love for the natural beauties of the hills. His earliest impression of the town came to him in the full tide of summer life. He was captivated at once by the contour of the landscape, the fresh mountain-streams, the deep, solemn woods, the luxurious valleys, the ample meadows. The old life upon that western farm seemed to return to his veins, as he found it possible here to be a preacher and enjoy country life at the same time. He had been weaned from the actual life of the farmer, but still loved the farmer's conditions — the open air, contact with nature, a robust life. He had too much of the poet in him to feel entirely happy if shut away from

fields and woods. Another condition for his enjoyment in the Worthington work was that it was quite independent of any ecclesiastical machinery. It suited exactly his desire for freedom in his movements to be in charge of this society, which was the only church within a radius of five miles, and which did not ask him to be formally installed, laid no restrictions upon him of theological statement, but simply asked him to be pastor and preacher for the flock.

A third and very cogent reason for his love for this parish was that he found in the hearts of the Worthington people a warm response to his earnest efforts in their behalf. They were glad to have a leader to go before them and say, Come! And his career, running through five years, was a constant evidence of the mutual confidence and affection which existed between pastor and people. With easy grace and strong, persuasive character Frederick entered into and became part of the life of Worthington. He knew the dwellers in every house. There was not a lonely soul anywhere within the wide

limits of the town that did not share his pastoral visits, which were always welcome. He knew where the pining invalids lived, and made his most frequent calls on these. His most earnest religious efforts were for the young people, whose interest he strove by every means to enlist in the common work and life of the church. Realizing that intellectual life ought to keep pace with spiritual enlightenment, he was all the time seeking to elevate and refine the mental side of his parish. The town library, which is now a very respectable one, was of his originating. He interested the people in starting a fund, gathered together books and laid the foundations for a public library which is likely to go on increasing in scope and usefulness in the coming years. For several Winters he also formed classes among the young people for the study of history, literature, and language, so as to encourage those who were studiously inclined and who could not go from home for study, in the pursuit of wholesome learning. But his work was not unbalanced by these exertions for the in-

tellectual good of his people. These influences which were at work as agencies for a subordinate end were all subsidiary to the one primal current which he kept steadily moving from the pulpit; he never forgot that he was sent to preach the gospel. His chief work was to teach and preach Christ, and by all means to save souls. The young men had his special sympathy and devoted labors. Nothing rejoiced him so much as to see one and another forsaking a life of listlessness or of open hostility to religious things, and taking up manfully the joys and responsibilities of a Christian life. By his persuasive manner, and his unquenchable love for their souls, he brought many to yield allegiance to Christ who will at the last Great Day rise up and call him blessed.

It is singular that some traces of his life are left in Worthington which tell of all the varied interests he carried on for the good of the town. The beautiful street which runs past the church and which commands one of the finest views in the town, was without a lining of shade trees until

he made a movement one Spring among the good farmers, going out with them himself, and helping to plant a double row of thrifty maples which in a few years will make the road to the sanctuary delightful under the sunniest sky. So much did he admire this height upon which the church stood, and the view of the distant hills and villages which it commands, that he bought a small lot of ground within a half mile of the church site, and planted it with apple-trees. This was part of his open-air recreation. He loved to make rough places smooth, and the desert spots blossom, leaving upon the earth under his faithful feet the evidence of a life that loved to promote life in all its types and variations; for he was a minister commissioned by Him who came that the world might have life, and that it might have it more abundantly. A sad disaster to the minister and parish of Worthington came in the winter of 1887, when the old church, so long a sacred landmark, took fire during a heavy snow-storm and was burned to the ground. It took no little effort, in a community where money is not plenty,

to raise the amount necessary to fill out an inadequate insurance, and to rebuild. The brunt of such a task almost always devolves upon the minister, and Frederick carried through the task, difficult and delicate at times, when different opinions as to ways and means were in competition, to a triumphant conclusion. So that the new church, completed and dedicated in the Spring before his labors closed, stands a fitting monument to the joint labors of himself and his loyal parishioners. And if it be permitted him to look back upon the field of his earthly labors from the heights to which his life has been taken, he must take great joy in seeing the work of grace still going on within the circle which he once helped to fill, and to which he gave his consecrated labors.

One event that occurred during the last year of his Worthington ministry was too important to be omitted in this narrative, and yet too tender and sad to bear more than the most delicate allusion. He had found among his parishioners one young woman, Miss Elizabeth Hewitt, who by her sincere Christian character had so won his

affection that he had asked her to be the companion of his life, for his future ministry, which, alas, was never to be filled out; death interrupted before the marriage vows were spoken.

His Worthington ministry has been mentioned as running through about five years. But one episode occurred in 1888 which forms a distinct chapter in Frederick's ministry. Partly from a feeling that his work for Worthington had at this point been accomplished, and partly from the earnest invitation of an old friend of the family, Elihu Colman, Esq., of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, he went West, and, for about three months, took charge of the pastorless church of which Mr. and Mrs. Colman were influential members. Frederick's own account of this event, as reported from one of his addresses to the Fond du Lac congregation in a Wisconsin paper, is interesting: —

Sunday evening last, at the conclusion of his second sermon in this city, Mr. Huntington related some strange experiences which had been associated with his invitation to come here. One Sunday in December, when he had thought upon a particular subject in preparation for a discourse and with

especial interest during the week, and when he was about to start for his church, he said it seemed as if a veil was let down before him, shutting off the light that had appeared to have been given him with great fulness in behalf of the special topic. He fancied that he was thus to be instructed to abandon that sermon, which he did. Going to his pulpit he preached from another text, but his old sense of freedom to go ahead in the work in which he was engaged, he said, did not return to him, and after a few days he determined he must separate from the people, though they were so dear to him, and he apparently to them. Where he should go he knew not. A dream he had had but a few nights before probably had considerable influence in determining his mind for this decision. He dreamed that his father, who is deceased, called to him, and, as was his wont when he instructed him in some duties in the line of limited farming operations years before, told him there were duties in a certain field to perform. It was approaching the Christmas season, and he went away from Worthington to join in a family reunion, and while there a letter came from Fond du Lac, telling of the situation in the Division Street M. E. Church here, and inquiring if he was at liberty to be called. It seemed to him he could see a Providence in it all — a guiding that was irresistible.

Mr. and Mrs. Colman have expressed their loving estimate of Frederick's brief term of pastoral work with them in the following delicate way : —

"In January of 1886 the Division Street M. E. Church, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, was suddenly left without a pastor, and in casting about for some one who would fill the position with the greatest acceptability, the name of Rev. F. S. Huntington was suggested; an invitation extended and accepted. He quickly won his way to the hearts of the people. In three short months he had quietly led twenty-three to begin a Christian life. He was especially interested in young men. The warmth and depth of his interest was so ingeniously manifested as not only to secure their love to him personally, but to lead them to seek a high type of Christian manhood, and to devote themselves loyally to the Master's service. Genuineness of character and enthusiasm were qualities he never tired of enforcing as indispensable to success for every young disciple. Christ was a living presence to him, — a personal Friend, — and the deep, unseen things of God, living entities. That God was 'nearer to us than our own souls' he often voiced in prayer. Every sermon, and the tender, worship-breathing spirit that he gave to every public service assured the worshippers of the great truth that 'In him we live and move and have our being.' His genial presence, his love for children, his sympathy with the suffering ones, his hatred of shams, his exalted spiritual life, are characteristics that made him the beloved pastor and friend in every home.

"What hope and cheer his visitations brought to the poor and unfortunate of this parish! Faithfully he ministered to their spiritual necessities, not forgetting generously to supply needed physical comforts. His presence was indeed to them a benediction. His interest was not confined to the church

he served, but the entire city shared his generous thought. How to win the masses to Christ was a question that burned in his heart. Preaching to the few well-ordered people who frequent the churches while the great throng outside was unfed, gave him great uneasiness. He longed to break to the masses the bread of life.

"Perhaps in no line does his influence move more potently among the people than in the broad Christian education his catholic spirit fostered. The Church of Christ — so much dearer, so much grander than any one sect — so filled his thoughts that it left no room for denominational bigotry. Did this spirit ever confront him, he simply withdrew from its presence, not even giving it the nourishment of an opposing word.

"As beloved pastor, brother, and friend he still lives, and his blessed memory helps many to better living and doing."

Although very earnestly urged by the people of the Fond du Lac church to remain, Frederick returned to his Worthington parish in the Spring, from which he received the warmest of welcomes. It was during this period spent in Fond du Lac that he received his ordination as presbyter at the hands of Bishop Fallows, in Chicago; an event already mentioned in a previous chapter.

This chapter upon his Worthington

ministry would not be complete without a reference to his wider activities. For several months he rode every Sunday afternoon to the neighboring town of Cummington, and held a service in the Congregational church, which at that time was without a pastor. His labors in behalf of this community were highly appreciated; and the actual results for the congregation, in spiritual quickening, were an ample reward for his generous efforts.

He also mingled actively in what are called fellowship meetings, — gatherings, held at stated periods, of all the neighboring churches, for united services, consisting of sermons, addresses, and discussion of questions of vital religious interest to the parishes represented. These meetings are held at the different churches of the hill towns, in turn, and occupy a whole day. Frederick was always enthusiastic in promoting such movements as looked toward an increase of effective power in church life, and a broadening of the kingdom of Christ.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FINAL CALL.

Just when we think all this ripe wisdom garnered up from so many fields shall find its fullest use, we hear that all is over, he has passed from among us. But to ask why such a mind is taken from us is just as absurd as to question why the tree of the forest has its first training in the nursery garden.

F. W. Robertson.

During the early part of the year 1888 some correspondence began between Frederick and the representative officers of the Mayflower Congregational Church of Indianapolis, in reference to his assuming the pastorate of that society. He had been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Day and family, in Indianapolis, during the winter, and had preached for the Mayflower congregation while there. After some preliminary negotiation, an earnest and unanimous call came from the society, which Frederick decided after due deliberation to accept, intending to sever his

connection with the beloved Worthington parish after a few months. This new field did not open to him as a sinecure. He was not induced to pull up the roots of his pastoral life and engage to go to this western parish because it was large or wealthy, or contained the promise of an easy ministry. The main element of attraction was that the society was young, energetic, and apparently had an important history to make in the vigorous metropolis of Indiana. He had been the pastor of Worthington Church about five years. He had rounded out what seemed to him the work that he was sent there to do; and a change of scene looked now both feasible and proper. Yet it was not without many a pang that he at length determined to leave the old and enter upon the new work. There was, at least, so much of sadness in thinking of leaving Worthington, that he showed no enthusiasm for the distant and untried field. It looked almost like a regret at times which shadowed his happy face, as he thought and spoke, during that eventful summer, of becoming a pastor in the city of In-

dianapolis. I can recollect of saying to myself, after hearing him speak of his prospective work one day, "He will never go to Indianapolis!" Who can tell whether, by the mysterious workings of divine Providence, he was not being prepared for the utter change which broke all these earthly plans that were forming? It is one of the sad things in connection with Frederick's final illness that on those hills of Worthington, so delightful always to him, and in the parish where he had lived such a vigorous and efficient life, where he had kindled by faith and enthusiasm so many spiritual and mental experiences among his parishioners, that on those high places the sting of death should be given him by the deadly typhoid germs. Did we not believe in a great, loving Providence, it would seem like a most malevolent Fate that sent a mortal shaft, and laid low the faithful minister just as he was closing his term of service, forbidding him to enter any other earthly field.

But, even under the benevolent guidance of God, the strong, young life was allowed to receive its death-draught from

the bosom of the hills of Worthington. Three of Bishop Fallows' children were also smitten there by the same foe, and by only a narrow margin of attenuated strength, escaped the fatal termination of the typhoid fever which ended Frederick's life. He was the one child in our large family who seemed physically proof against ordinary ills. Compact, vigorous, cheerful, he was not an easy candidate for disease. We all prophesied for him a long and healthful life. For this very reason he was himself slow to believe that any serious malady had laid hold of him, when, about the middle of August, 1888, he began to feel indisposed. It was my pleasure to be with him at the beginning of his sickness and to preach for him. He made light of his symptoms and kept about his work. His last sermon was preached on the twelfth of August, when, as Mrs. Fallows discovered after the service was ended, his temperature was over one hundred; showing that the deadly fever-fires were burning through his veins. At length even his energy could hold out no longer, and he yielded reluctantly —

more from the pressing entreaties of Mrs. Fallows and others who were watching him with solicitude, than because he was convinced that he was a victim of the malignant fever. His natural refuge was beneath the roof of mother's home in Amherst. How often he had come down from the hills on Mondays, after the strain of Sunday labors, or after a long period of busy, parochial life, and found the loved home in Amherst a paradise of rest! How many times have we met under the "Three Elms," lounged upon the grass, taken our hoes and gone into the garden just to remind ourselves of the old farm days and laugh over old adventures! We compared notes upon our work and our reading, struggled together over the large questions of life, destiny, and immortality. Here it was that the old and cherished family ties were kept fresh and strong, as he frequently brought the benediction of his cheerful presence to father and mother at first, and after father's death in 1885, to mother, who needed all the more the comforting visits of her children.

It is not strange that he came home this

time — the last time — with a somewhat cheerful feeling, notwithstanding his serious illness; for home had always been the place of recuperation, where burdens rolled off and aches were usually banished. But the struggle which an unconquerable disease was waging with his heroic courage and hopefulness soon made itself manifest. Pain battered steadily at the citadel of life; fever fired its hot arrows at his confident strength. Little by little doubts about his recovery crept into his own mind; and he no sooner felt these doubts than, with his natural frankness, he freely talked of them, to Theodore and Ellery especially. Solicitous feeling set in to make the days and nights anxious for mother and brothers, who were the faithful watchers. Medical skill and trained nursing alleviated suffering a little, but did not conquer the power of the disease. Hope rose and fell with the variations in the patient's symptoms. The time seemed long and weary, though it was only one short fortnight that the struggle lasted. The dreaded premonitions at last were apparent, that the courageous life could

not hold out very long against the foe. Telegrams announced to those of us who were within reach of messages that the end was probably near. And before we could realize the situation we were actually gathered, as if in an unwelcome, terrible dream, to see our beloved Frederick vanish. But he did not go until he had made that chamber of death a "mount of vision."

What merciful compensations are ordered in the wide economy of divine grace! To us the thought of his death was agony. That Frederick was to die seemed the impossible thing; we were so accustomed to think of nothing but vitality and strength as associated with his very name. But the inexorable law of disease worked on to its fatal conclusion. Death comes again to the cottage of peace and love; and Frederick is summoned. None could break to him the decision of the physicians in consultation — that he had but a little while to live — but mother. With steady voice, with the brave tenderness that dwells in the deep places of a mother's heart, looking down, with all the comfort

that human love could pour into the look upon the weary, pale but longing face, she said to him: "Fred, you know when Flora was called to pass into the other world how glad she was to have us tell her before the end came, that death was near. Now, the physicians say that you have but a few hours to live. I thought we ought to tell you, for you may have some things to say before you go." I was an unobserved witness of this tenderest dialogue. He looked steadily up into mother's eyes as she spoke, and answered: "Is it so?" No tremor in his voice, no shadow of disappointment or of fear falling across his face! "Well," he added, "it is a great relief, a great relief." Putting her hand upon his pale but feverish brow and looking with still greater earnestness into his eyes, mother asked him if he could trust Christ in this hour of death. With a clear, confident voice he exclaimed: "*I have preached Christ too long and loved Him too well not to trust Him now.*"

For several hours strength seemed to be specially granted him to talk freely with each of us; and his messages to all were

as if from a soul that had caught glimpses already of the Eternal City, and was entering upon its confines. He thought of his going at the early age of thirty-six, and said: "I am a broken column; and yet, a great many ministers have died young." He could not, even in these moments of dissolution, forget his cherished calling as a preacher of Christ's gospel. His mind was upon the relation he held, and was to hold forever, with the great work of building men up in truth and righteousness, as he said to me: "You know I have been having a desire lately for a larger field — now I am going to have it." He had never been a discontented worker in the parishes to which he had ministered. But he was conscious of powers that were eager to engage in important work, and competent to mould and influence large numbers.

All that he said on that solemn fourth of September, in the hush of that chamber, had a singular, spiritual beauty and impressiveness. Always gifted in powers of expression, his language now was so rich and tender as to seem unearthly. "Visions from the Apocalypse have been in my

mind," he said at one time, as he roused from a deep reverie; and it was not only he whose vision was lifted to see widely and deeply as he stood upon the margin of the two worlds, but he also spoke with the glory of those visions filling his thought, and we who listened, shared the richness of his last earthly experiences.

Frederick passed on into the life eternal just as he had lived—buoyant, courageous, faithful, trusting. He had never talked much about death; for he was too vital, too intensely interested in the work of life to dwell upon the accidental fact of bodily death. He had made it his business to do each duty as it came, heartily and earnestly, so that the only preparation he had made for dying was that he had lived a life of eager, faithful service to God — the only preparation that has the promise of issuing by an "abundant entrance," through the gates, into the city of God. The testimony that he left behind him, as he passed through "the valley of the shadow of death," is, that he found the "Mount of God" widening down into that valley. The shadows were all scattered by

the light of Him who came down to meet the faithful pilgrim at that last step of his earthly journey, and led him up the celestial heights with "songs and everlasting joy" upon his lips.

"Plant me on the hill-side, in the field of my labors"—were his words in reference to his last resting-place. He wished his dust to repose where he had so often stood, in the centre of Worthington parish. So we bore his ashes back along the road his feet had so often trodden, to the quiet church-yard, on the hills. The golden-rod and the crimson branches of the maples, in their autumnal glory, seemed to wave their appropriate salutes, as the funeral procession moved over the hills and valleys, from Amherst to Worthington; for we were thinking of the triumphs into which another Christian soul had entered, and not of the defeats which death only appeared to have wrought.

"No black! nothing but flowers"—was his injunction respecting his burial; and the place of repose for the sacred dust was made soft and fragrant with evergreen

and blossoms. Multitudes of flowers reflected, even about the grave, his own radiant hope of immortality.

I write these last memorial words as we sail the great Atlantic, our good ship bearing us steadily on, through storm and billows, toward our desired haven — home and native land. And the gladness we feel, as the dear shores come nearer and nearer, is only a faint type of the deeper joy that wells up through an old and unforgotten grief, that in God's good time all we who have known and loved Frederick, as affectionate son and brother, faithful and gifted minister, teacher, friend, and Christian man, will, if true to the gospel he lived and preached, stand with him again in everlasting companionship, in the Land beyond the Flood.

FUNERAL ADDRESS

AND

OTHER TRIBUTES.

The tender and comforting address which follows was delivered at the funeral services held in the Worthington Church, Friday afternoon, Sept. 7, 1888.

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY

REV. J. L. JENKINS, D. D., OF PITTSFIELD.

THE Scripture words which best express myself, as I stand here before you and the lifeless body of your friend, are St. Paul's words: "We know in part — we prophesy in part."—"We see through a glass darkly." These words say what I feel. I am not wise enough to tell the meaning of the event which has brought us together. Once, on occasions like this, the speaker was expected to state with ful ness and exactness the mind of God respecting the death in commemoration. He was supposed to be familiar with the secret counsels of the Most High, and to be able to interpret them to such as knew less than he. I am here to do no service of the kind. I have no knowledge others have not. Existence is no less perplexing

to me than to others. Human life and being are deep mysteries to me as to others. Much happening here is as strange, inexplicable to me as to others. What could be more presumptuous than for me to attempt to give God's reasons for taking away a young, well-furnished workman from the very work we believe God wants done in our world? Of such an event it is true we know only in part. If we speak of it, we speak partially. If we look at it, fix our vision long upon it, we see nothing clearly. We look through a glass darkly. "God," said Cowper, "is His own interpreter," and of such an event as that which gathers us here, He and He only can be interpreter. Avowing ignorance thus fully and frankly, I do not despair of saying words that may comfort all our hearts.

The most comforting word I can say, the most comforting word as I conceive possible, is announcement of the fact that God is. Somewhere is intelligence, wisdom, might, adequate to produce and manage this vast, complicated, unknown universe. It is not without direction, con-

trol; a wild, unguided force is not propelling it. *God is*, and he is what men have found him — a refuge. We betake ourselves to Him, for He only is sufficient for us, when earth is removed and firm mountains are cast into the sea. Our only refuge is God. We are in the storm now upon us not refugeless. We can go where is security — to God. What a word of comfort! God is, and He is a refuge.

Here is a comforting word I am glad to speak. The habit has been to call death, man's enemy, his last great enemy. The saying has been supposed to have scriptural warrant. Much in Scripture is called death that is not physical death. Man is not a creature hurt by the inaction of lungs and heart. Sin, and it only, is foe and enemy of man. Hence, Jesus' deliverance is deliverance from sin, not from dying. This last is a divine ordinance — a law not to be destroyed, a law too that is good, only good. A word of Jesus and a most enlightening and comforting word is, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Death is condition of enlargement and gain. It leads to the better, even as St. Paul said, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." To get possession of it, flesh and blood must be given up. This I call a comforting truth. God is wise. Dying is a wise ordinance. It is not essentially destructive — not hurtful. It is a means, not an end. It is a way to better things. To die is gain. Everywhere all gain is by dying. The grain of wheat gains by dying; and man is of more value than many grains of wheat.

There is another comforting thought I gladly speak. A brilliant Genevese teacher and a sufferer writes in his journal: "To feel oneself individually cared for and protected by God gives a special dignity and beauty to life. Monotheism lightens the struggle for existence." What words for us men approach in value those of Jesus about God's care of fowls and grass? There is no one so lowly that God's care extends not to him. If He brings one into our world, He will care for him while in it, and arrange for his leaving it. None ever dies before his time. "Mine hour," said

Jesus, "is not yet come." When it came, he died; so also do we. Mr. Huntington's death is not an untimely one, but a most timely one. His hour came, and he passed on and up.

There is yet another comforting thought and a thought according with many recent words of science. There are grades of existence. Mankind has passed through many, — has left caves and stone tools for houses and metal implements, skins of animals for better clothes. We may know little of the life succeeding the present life. It may not be possible for us to know much of it, but it is an advance. We are being taught, too, that personality endures in the change from a lower grade of being to a higher. All this accords with the large teaching of Him who brought life and immortality to light. He came to power by going hence, and men do the same.

Many deplore much of the thought of the present time; but taking it all in all, it is working good. It is scattering darkness, carrying off superstitions and crude ideas. Death is being understood, better

understood. Its terror is being taken from it. The wisdom and love of God are being found in it. If we cannot with the poet call death beauteous, we can call it beneficent, and cease excessively to dread it.

I have said general things; let me come to particulars. Others at a fit time will speak of Mr. Huntington's gifts and graces, of what he did, of what he was. Let my word be as to the use he put himself to, and if I highly exalt it, let it not be thought I disparage any worthy use one makes of oneself. The world is large and complex, needs work of many kinds.

The kingdom of God needs numerous and various workmen. Just now we are having many workmen of a single kind. There are many who in various ways are developing and increasing material resources. Ours is the age of trade, of business. Here are the rewards that tempt. Here multitudes find field for energy, and here they spend it. It is something for a gifted young man to turn from all this and give himself to work for the spiritual well-being of his fellows. I use

the term spiritual in a large sense, covering morals, intellectuality, and religion. It is asking much of a young man that he devote himself to such a task, but it is asking what is noble, most fruitful, and most rewarding. Not yet have been exhausted the significance and virtue of the fact that Jesus Christ gave himself to spiritual uses. It was His to develop what was in man, not what was without him; and the world, busy seeking the things of the world, allows to Him the greatest power and influence won by any actor in it. Not they who gather riches but they who plant ideas fill thrones. The man who has passed from us and whom we honor to-day, was of this order. In the community he sought not material riches, but true riches. He worked in a free, generous way for souls. He sought first the kingdom of God. Work of this kind has a peculiar quality. By it a man transfers the virtue in him to others. He inoculates a whole community, he incarnates himself in the life of a place. What higher use of a man's powers is possible! Our friend made the best use of himself. What

was in him yielded much for his fellows, and his works remain and will continue to bless the world. Whence came the inspiration of such a life? It could come but from one source. It came from Him who is taking possession of men the world over, imparting His mind and tempting them into careers like His. It was not the example of Jesus alone that was powerful with our friend. The life also of Jesus was manifest in him. Because of this there remains for us the glad certainty that as he lived Christ's life on the earth, he lives the same now, and that where Christ is, there he is also.

Contemplating the earthly life that is ended, do we not find all possible comfort? We will not repress our natural, heartfelt sorrow, our instinctive and sincere tears, but certainly we are not comfortless. It may well quiet and soften the sorrow of the family, that out of its number came so helpful and successful a worker. This community can only be thankful for him and for what he wrought here. His service for this town is not ended. He will work for it still. Being

dead, he yet speaks. Having been lifted up, he must draw others upward. His life is safely garnered, funded, and will yield fruit still. I do not ask that he be remembered. He is of the righteous who are sure of everlasting remembrance — I only ask that all who knew him learn the secret of his life. For him we have no tears. We say of him, "He did well, he was a faithful servant." His Lord has said the same, and more — bidding him enter into His joy. And who would call him thence? There let him abide. There let his life enlarge and beautify. Let him be forever with the Lord!

TRIBUTE OF THE HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

At the late Conference in Williamsburgh, the following resolutions were passed, viz.: —

Whereas it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to take home to himself our dear brother, Rev. Frederick S. Huntington, late pastor of the church in Worthington; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby record our sense of great personal and general loss in the sudden removal of one whose work had already proved his eminent ability to win the love and confidence of men, and to serve the cause of his Master.

Resolved, That we tender our hearty sympathy to the family thus spoiled of one of its bright ornaments; to the church in Worthington which he had served so well; and to the church in Indianapolis, whose hope of large blessing through him in the near future has been suddenly cut off.

Resolved, That for ourselves, we humbly receive the loss of this genial and gifted brother as a loving admonition to use like diligence and joyous fidelity in the good work of the gospel, not knowing the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.

Signed by

Rev. Elihu Loomis.
Rev. E. G. Cobb.
C. D. Wait.

S. E. BRIDGMAN,
Scribe Hampshire Conference.

Northampton, Mass., Nov. 2, 1888.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE WORTHINGTON LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Since its last meeting this association has been called to mourn the loss, by death, of the Rev. F. S. Huntington, its founder, and its most efficient promoter. To us, his associates in this organization, this loss brings a profound personal sorrow, and to the project itself it is a loss to be deeply deplored.

In promoting the spiritual growth of this community, which our lamented friend ever kept in view, and made supreme in his beneficent activities, he felt the value of general culture as a means of stimulating and enlarging the spiritual faculties, and to this end he looked upon this institution as an important aid in the greater work to which his life was so earnestly devoted.

In view of the deep interest he felt in this branch of his work, and the high anticipations he entertained of its usefulness, be it

Resolved, That we, his associates in this enterprise, feel that we can in no way more truly cherish and honor his memory than by pledging ourselves, which we hereby do, to use our best efforts to sustain this public library, and to broaden its influence, to the end that it may fulfil the hopes of him to whose zeal and energy it owes its existence.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered in full upon our minutes, and a copy of them be sent to Mr. Huntington's family.

By order of the Worthington Library Association.

WILLIAM A. RICE,
DWIGHT STONE,
N. S. HEACOCK,
Committee.

WORTHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1888.

MINUTE RECORDED BY THE MAYFLOWER CHURCH, INDIANAPOLIS.

At a meeting of Mayflower Church the following minute was ordered to be placed upon the church records: —

This church has been deeply afflicted by the sudden death of the late Frederick S. Huntington, its pastor elect. Only a few days previous to his expected arrival to enter upon his work among us, he fell a victim to an attack of malignant typhoid fever. Mr. Huntington's rare intellectual gifts, his beautiful Christian character, his devotion to his sacred calling, certified to in warmest terms by all who knew him, gave promise of a most useful and successful ministry, and had awakened high hopes of a bright future for this church. Our acquaintance with him was slight, yet it was sufficient to reveal his charming qualities of mind and heart. Indeed, he had already won, in a large degree, the affection and respect of his future charge. We lament his death as a personal loss; we share with his afflicted relatives the sorrow of the mysterious dispensation which takes from earth one so dearly beloved. His nearest friends have our heartfelt sympathy.

We are comforted in this affliction, as all who loved him must be, in the memory of his bright example of a happy, devoted Christian life; we rejoice in the peace and triumph of his death, which he welcomed as a summons to the presence of the Saviour whom he had so faithfully served.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

The hymns which follow were written by Frederick for his own spiritual gratification. Some of them were meant as greetings to his parishioners for certain marked days of the Christian year, to remind them of the religious significance of such "times and seasons"; and these were generally printed upon neat cards and distributed to old and young.

HYMNS.

CONSECRATION.

I have touched the heart of Jesus,
I have felt His healing breath,
And I know His love can free us
From the chains of sin and death.

Can I doubt His power to guide me
Through the world, in paths unseen,
Since His love so full of mercy
Hath redeemed my soul from sin?

Never more my faith shall falter,
For He knows and feels my needs;
With my will upon the altar
I can follow where He leads.

Oh! the fulness of God's favor
With my hand thus clasped in His!
He is Lord, and King, and Saviour;
All my life shall speak His praise.

If I choose this Heavenly Leader
All my sorrow turns to joy,
While the path of life grows sweeter,
And my trust hath no alloy.

ALLSTON, April, 1883.

THORN AND THRONE.

The vision of Thy patience, Master, moves me.
Hold Thou my hand, while tears my eyelids steep.
The plaited thorns that pierced and wounded Thee,
Temper my heart for worship pure and deep.

Oh! not alone the crimson points have told
How measureless Thy sacrificial pains;
Sins cherished, pierce and wound Thee as of old.
The thrusts of wrong make still the deepest stains.

Hast Thou not borne enough our hearts to claim?
Has love divine no end nor wearying?
Burn not men's souls at length with mercy's flame?
Does not Thy lasting love hell's anguish bring?

In garments stained come forth all-conquering!
These flinty gates of my resistful keeping
Break down, and cease to-day Thy patient knocking;
While bowed in grief for sin find Thou me weeping.

Thou Resurrection Light, shine on me now!
And through my blinding tears grant Thine appearing.
The thorns we press against Thy suffering brow
Must surely change at last to throne — Christ-bearing.

PALM SUNDAY, AMHERST, 1884.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

Earth is made jubilant,
Oh! sing at her feast.
Come! O ye suppliant,
Behold your High Priest.

See! Death is defeated,
For Jesus is risen!
These tidings repeated
Will shake every prison.

Disciple once faithful,
Why wait at the grave,
Astonished, regretful,
To doubts made a slave?

The grave has no conquests;
Death loses its sting;
God, reaping the harvests,
His children will bring.

Christ's life of redemption
Makes shameful our strife.
His sure resurrection
Gives promise of life.

Sound forth Hallelujahs,
Life cometh to light,
As once more among us
He walketh in might.

No cloud of ascension,
No change or decay,
Not earth, hell, or heaven
Can hide us away.

No fear now remaineth
To them that believe.
Christ liveth and reigneth,
Our faith to receive.

All praise, then, and glory
Ascribe to His name,
Repeating the story,
Through ages the same.

EASTER, April, 1884.

SUPPLICATION.

My heart is tired from aching needs,
My soul's deep thirst still lasts,
Why linger we when Jesus feeds,
And waits to end our fasts ?

I reach toward Thee my trembling hand.
My countless wants supply!
Thy cleansing power wilt Thou command
To keep me till I die.

I seek Thee, God, by better sense
Than that of touch or sight.
My halting steps must give offence
To Thee whose life is light.

My rest in God I find complete.
My sins and griefs so great,
Thy sacrifice and love can meet,
Removing every weight.

APRIL, 1884.

COMMUNION.

Breathe this day Thy Spirit's balm:
Bring this restless soul a calm.
Freed from sins I love no more,
Lord, Thy name will I adore.

While I lift my feeble cry,
Kindly hear the prayer I sigh.
Come Thou near me as I plead,
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.

Mighty Spirit, Son, and Lord,
Trust I in Thy perfect word.
God, whose life is all divine,
Take my heart and seal it Thine.

Humbly at Thy feet I 'll kneel;
Sweetly here Thyself reveal.
Softly now Thy step I hear,
Rise, my soul, thy Lord is near.

APRIL, 1884.

OBEDIENCE.

Beneath Thy rod, O Heavenly King,
How sweet obedience is!
Well may the world its offering bring,
And we unite in praise.

'T is love divine frames Thy command;
Heaven's light is in Thy face.
In loving trust before Thee stand
The suppliants of Thy grace.

How can we choose without Thine aid ;
How shall we walk alone?
Since all our pathway Thou has laid
From earth up to Thy throne.

Keep near me in the midst of pain:
Temptation's fetters break ;
Make sorrows turn to richest gain,
As borne for Thine own sake.

So let my steps sure guidance find,
Beneath Thy watchful eye.
My life to Thine yet closer bind
By every sacred tie.

MAY, 1884.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

This day our songs we bring,
With heart and voice to sing:
To worship Him who from above
Came down with God's own love.

The children hear His voice,
And angels do rejoice :
For, once He taught how heaven is won
By trusting in the Son.

Then, Father, hear our prayer,
And we will own Thy care.
And grant this day our heart and mind
To fill with peace divine.

Help us to rise toward Thee
From care and sorrow free.
May worship be our chief desire
While songs our hearts inspire.

JUNE, 1884.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Holy Light ! Holy Light !
Light of the world's new day !
Come Thou near, through our night,
Hear us while now we pray.
Over the rolling waves of care
Send Thy brightening beams afar,
Come from Thy throne on high ;
Come Thou silent One, Come Thou holy One,
Come !

Peace be thine! Peace be thine !
Peace and good-will be thine !
Cease thy tears, I am near,
Cast away all thy fear.
Over the stormy seas I come,
Do not doubt I 'll guide thee home.
Come unto Me and rest,
Come My little one, Come my trusting one,
Come.

JANUARY, 1885. (*For the tune*, "*Sweet and Low.*")

IN GETHSEMANE.

One hour of wakefulness for Him
Who bore that guiltless grief,
Disciples could not keep,
He felt it all, yet said: —
"The spirit wills, while flesh is weak";
"Sleep on, and take your rest."

Not three times failing see we Him,
But three times proving firm,
The power to do God's will.
That matchless prayer He said —
"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt";
"Sleep on, and take your rest."

They could not watch, poor tired men;
Their sleep forbids His rest,
Who comes, and comes again;
But says without rebuke —
"I drink the cup my Father gives";
"Sleep on, and take your rest."

NOVEMBER, 1886.

ON REVISITING THE OLD FARM, 1886.

I 'm to visit the old farm-house,
Though it stands in another's name;
I shall find some things are changed,
But the hills will be there the same.

I think I will go there alone,
I don't care to talk on the way;
I 'll cross from the road through the fields,
Reaching there at the close of day.

That 'll seem like the days when a boy,
Coming home from the farther field,
Glad enough the day's work was done,
Caring not what the ground might yield.

I 'll not stop for buggy and horse,
It 's only three miles from the town;
I will walk, I 'm not in a hurry,—
I 'll be there when the sun goes down.

Some tell me I make a mistake,
That it 's better to keep far away,
And not see the changes of years,—
Letting old thoughts and feelings stay.

But I care not if tears do come,
It 's good for a strong man to cry;
It 's a fault of our life too much
That our eyes are kept so dry.

I shall go to the old farm-house,—
I must sleep there once over night,
See the sun rise over the hill
As it used to, full and bright;

See the meadows fresh and green,
Where my father's sheep loved to feed;
Find the tasteful mint in the lot,
Which was often mown as a weed.

I 'll find me a fish-pole early,
And sit on the bank of the stream,
Where the old bridge shaded the creek, —
That will be like a pleasant dream.

I think I shall find the same sport
In catching those spry rock bass,
And throwing them high in the air,
To drop away out in the grass.

Half a day I must spend by the creek
That flows in its winding course;
A charm of the old farm-house,
And of many delights the source.

I 've heard that the old oaks are gone
Which grew in the shady front yard,
Where many an afternoon nap
Was indulged on the soft green sward.

But the old elm-tree near the creek,
With its grace and its branches wide,
I shall hope to see as of old,
Standing guard by the river-side.

But of all the places most dear,
The one I shall visit the first
Is the deep old sacred well,
For my walk will give me thirst.

I will ask for a dipper, too,
That the pure sweet water may taste
As it used to years ago,
When I drank deep draughts and in haste.

And then as the day wears along,
And the sun bends toward the West,
I 'll start with my cane for the woods,
When a twilight hour seems the best.

I 'll listen there for the cow-bell,
As of old when a frightened boy;
There, alone in the dark, deep woods,
How that tinkling bell gave joy!

I will watch as the sun declines,
The light as it creeps up the hill;
And then as it brightens the clouds,
Bringing evening tender and still.

I know then my mind will be full
Of memories sacred and blest,
For how can I keep back the thoughts
Which a twilight there must suggest?

As the evening stars shall appear,
Coming forth like a mighty troop,
How faces of loved ones will come,
Making heavenly group upon group!

One day I will spend at the farm,
Not longer, for one day will do;
And the work of life is pressing,
By and by we shall all be through.

"TREES OF THE KINGDOM."

SERMONS TO YOUNG MEN

One of Frederick's last wishes was that the following sermons, which he had preached as a series especially designed for young men, might be printed and left as a memorial among those to whom he had ministered.

THE TREE OF SEARCH.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. — John i. 48.

It is interesting to find so much of the world's religion and life associated with trees. Something, perhaps, in the upward, aspiring growth of the tree, in its gradual development and tardy maturing; something in its uncertainty of life; something in its power of influence, its use of the airy and the earthy worlds; something in its fast hold of this world, and in its dependence upon another world; something in its alternate action and repose, in the variety of use, texture, color, size, and shape, — makes the world of trees, like the world of human beings, interesting and suggestive to our thought. Human life seems to have begun in this world in the midst of trees, under the shadow of branches well laden with fruit, which even tempted to disobedience our first parents.

"And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." The stories of spiritual death and spiritual life are interwoven with the branches of trees. The laws of the Hebrew nation recognized the value of trees, and guarded them against the wasting axe. "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it, to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them: for thou mayest eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down, for the tree of the field is man's life." This was certainly a law, the spirit of which might well be revived in our own communities. It is well established by scientific investigations that the fall of water in many regions is affected by the presence or absence of trees. Cut away the forests of a region, and the rainfall is diminished; "the tree of the field is man's life." The Scriptures also abound in passages which show how groves of trees were the places of worship, and the

trees themselves were carved into gods and worshipped. Kings were crowned in the midst of forests whose lofty, stalwart trunks made fitting emblems of a monarch's power. "And all the men of Shechem assembled themselves together, and all the house of Millo, and went and made Abimelech king, by the oak of the pillar that was in Shechem." Almost every attribute of man is ascribed in Scripture to trees. They are represented as walking, speaking, and ruling, as in this parable: "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, 'Reign thou over us.' But the olive-tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness wherewith by use they honor God and man, and go to wave to and fro over the trees?' And the trees said to the fig-tree, 'Come, thou, and reign over us.' But the fig-tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to wave to and fro over the trees?' And the trees said unto the vine, 'Come, thou, and reign over us.' And the vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and

man, and go to wave to and fro over the trees?' Then said all the trees unto the bramble, 'Come, thou, and reign over us.' And the bramble said unto the trees, 'If, in truth, ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.'" Praise, and even worship, are attributed to trees, as the psalmist declares: "Fruitful trees and all cedars praise the name of the Lord." "The trees of the fields shall clap their hands." The prophet Ezekiel, in speaking of the greatness of the Assyrian monarch, says: "He was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. Thy waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore, his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All

the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches, for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty. I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches; so that all the trees of Eden that were in the garden of God envied him."

Thus we see how the passions and hopes, the powers and capacities of man, are attributed often in Scripture to the tree; the growth and qualities of the gigantic cedar are made into parable of poetic splendor describing the mighty Assyrian conqueror and his kingdom. Not alone in Hebrew thought is the tree brought into these high associations with human life and destiny, but the traditions and sacred lore of all great civilizations give to the tree a significance and regard which are truly

fascinating, and open an attractive field of comparative study and research.

There are trees mentioned in the New Testament which are significant, not so much on account of their own worth or definite location, as by reason of their association with some of the chief facts and lessons in the mission and ministry of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The fig-tree, in the shade of which Nathanael was studying, when Jesus, a long way off, saw him in his doubts and needs, — this tree where Nathanael was searching for the Messiah while the Messiah was searching for him, — is laden with spiritual fruit for all earnest hearts. Let us linger beside this *tree of search*.

Christ seeking for men, and men seeking for Christ, is the very first truth of the Gospel. The lonely retreat which Nathanael had chosen for his meditations — the deep shade of a fig-tree — is quite suggestive of these solitary, shadowy hours of our own anxious inquiries after the Saviour. With Nathanael, we are all prone to allow our deepest anxieties and heaviest burdens to take us away into loneliness and shadowy

doubts, just when we need most the counsel and help of those who have already made the great discovery of a personal friend in Jesus Christ.

No one can tell from the narrative what it was that was occupying the mind of Nathanael while under the fig-tree; but the first salutation of Philip, who came to find his friend, indicates that they had been companions in a common search after the Messiah. "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, — Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." There is surely the tone of exultation in this language, such as one uses to express the feeling of triumph after a long, anxious search for something very precious. We cannot tell how often these two thoughtful and noble-spirited Israelites, Philip and Nathanael, had read together the Hebrew prophecies, and had compared them with the signs of their times, to see if they could fairly hope to witness the fulfilment of the promises of a Redeemer. Our introduction to Nathanael is to one who is already guileless even in the eyes of Christ, one of the true

Israelites indeed, who had lived a clean, upright, religious life. We are so usually given to the study of Christ's dealings with very sinful men, and His salvation is so commonly thought of as the glad portion for the wretched and the base, that we are almost puzzled to see Jesus meet one and speak of him as guileless, — as "an Israelite indeed."

Nathanael may have been somewhat narrow in his views, having some of the national spirit of exclusiveness and class prejudice; in fact, we see that he was tainted with these Jewish characteristics from his reply to his friend Philip, when told that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah. Nathanael felt a revulsion at the thought that hateful Nazareth should be the home of the great Messiah. Still, Christ, who was ready, as He ever is, to be just, saw that he was an honest seeker after the Messiah; that he was guileless, and had used all the light given him in an earnest purpose to gain a true knowledge of the expected Christ, the new King of Israel.

It requires no strenuous argument to

bring the conviction to any thoughtful person that a great thing has been accomplished in any soul when its love and devotion to sin cease, and Christ is accepted as Saviour and Lord. The most arrant vagabond feels a higher regard for the man who is trying to walk with Christ than for the man who has no purpose, no fellowship for Christ. Every one in a community feels glad to have a Church of living, faithful Christians, rather than a godless rabble. All agree that Christ's great mission was to call "not the righteous but sinners to repentance." The world at large is so sinful, so few can possibly feel that they are too righteous to have an interest in the mission of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, that we are not often met by those who feel that there is nothing to be gained by going with Nathanael to speak with Christ. His doubts, expressed to Philip, we remember, did not indicate a lack of interest in finding Christ, but rather his surprise that Jesus could be the long-expected Messiah. It must be that Nathanael, however guileless and good he was, felt there was much

for him to gain if he could really meet the Christ. It would be well, too, if this deep conviction of all upright, noble men, like Philip and Nathanael, could settle down into the heart of every moral man. Well it would be if every man in the world, however good he be, could realize that there is a great portion of life yet unlived until Christ is met face to face.

But the question springs up just here, Is one not already a Christian, if he is good and guileless, like Nathanael? Is not the very aim of all Christ's religion to make us good and guileless? and if this is a part of our present experience, what is to be gained by finding the Christ, and speaking with Him? We do certainly agree that righteousness of life is of the first importance. We can all say, doubtless, that we have more than once been puzzled to know how some persons who were called Christians could compare so poorly with some others who never made a profession of faith, and never partook of the sacraments of the Church. We have wondered why good, lovable souls should be found outside of the fellowship of the Christian

Church, and why Christians could be found doing mean and hateful things. Then we take up the Gospel of Christ, and read what He said in sermons and conversations, that "not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth My will." Then, too, we read how His welcome into everlasting habitations should turn upon our having comforted the sick, visited the prisoner, clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, — thus doing good unto the least of these His brethren. We sometimes have a very inadequate idea of what it is to be a Christian. Saying the same prayers and repeating the same creeds does not make us alike. The slight differences in the ways we travel in following and serving Christ do not justify us in calling each other unchristian and unorthodox. Nothing hinders more the progress of the religion of Christ as He taught and lived it, than the practice of making Christian service a separate business of life. Who can be moved by a man's prayers or professions on Sunday, if on Saturday he was unrighteous and unchris-

tian in his conduct? There is such a thing as putting on the religious look, and using the solemn voice in speaking of religious things; yet it is as superficial as the mere dress. How distinct and pointed Christ was upon this matter, when He taught in the presence of the formal Pharisees! Of these Christ spoke as "seeming to be religious" by "disfiguring their countenances." Surely a man falls under the condemnation of Christ when his religious life is so unusual and separate a thing from his common life that he cannot wear the same look and speak in the same tone used in the ordinary walks of daily life. Our Lord did not teach that His religion is something to be pursued apart from the common life; but He said, on the contrary, This that I give you is to be your life, — the new, heavenly, abundant, eternal life. "I give my life for the world." And this gift is not a treasure emptied into the wasting waters of the ocean. He gives His life; but He knows where every throb of it goes. The new way in which men live who receive Him and walk with Him, — this is Christ's life given for the world. Other religions

practised in the world before Christ came, the religions of the heathen, and even that of the Hebrews, had rituals, processions, festivals, elaborate formulas and sacrifices; but Christ's faith came as something far higher, grander and more spiritual than any which the world had yet known or practised. It is a religion not for special occasions, but for every day; not for one sacred spot, but for all the paths of toil; not for one day out of seven, but for the seven days of every week of life. We may rest assured that it is possible under any system to take up religious customs as agreeable diversions merely, and make religion a pursuit or a profession. It is possible for a man to pursue his religious life of mere formalism with even a wicked spirit. He can pray long prayers, and be outwardly very religious, and yet the whole may be only as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Thus a very punctilious and orthodox religionist, Jew or Christian, may come to be the very worst hindrance to the kingdom of God. For, having missed the spirit of Christ in his methods of assuming the ways of religion,

he may easily pass from religious to secular things, and become even a notorious sharper in the community, — nobody being able to tell by his dealings or by his spirit that he ever heard of the Sermon on the Mount. Not the forms of Christianity, but the spirit of Christ, makes us substantially Christians.

So, while we linger in our thought by the fig-tree of Nathanael's search, we may find a good reason for his guilelessness of spirit which Jesus recognized in him at the very first interview. Nathanael was seeking to find out all he could about the Christ of prophecy. Doubtless he had the books of the prophets by him, when Philip came with the joyful announcement that the Messiah was found. He was all the while a seeker after Him. So, when the question arises with us, Was not Nathanael already a Christian, a saved man, before he came with Philip and said to Jesus as he met him, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel"? we may answer, Yes; he was already a believer in Christ, and so a Christian. His whole soul leaned towards

this very Christ, long, long before he saw His face and heard Him say, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." We need only to recall our own experiences as Christian believers to see how true this is. A whole-souled search after Christ makes us Christians. You remember the day when you were received into the fellowship of the Church. You remember how solemn and how sweet was the service when the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper were administered to you, and you became pronounced Christians among your acquaintances, and before God and the angels. But was that day the first day of your Christian life, or was it rather a great festival and coronation day? Can we not all say that we feel we were Christians the very moment we began to seek with sincere desire to know Christ for ourselves, and to be governed by His spirit and precepts? When we stopped trying to find faults in the Bible, in the Church, in Christians, and just gave our souls the right to seek and to ask like little children, just then were we Chris

tians. Before Nathanael and Philip had found the Messiah, they had read from the Hebrew rolls these words of Isaiah: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." This Christ in prophecy Nathanael and Philip believed in, and waited for. Each new step of a closer approach to Him was taken with the same earnest desire to know personally the Son of God. When any of us are as deeply interested as were Philip and Nathanael to find Christ, we shall in no wise fail to find Him. As soon as any one of us will read in the prophecies or in the gospels of Christ with the purpose of being mastered by the Christ there revealed, just then the Christian life begins with us. It is not natural goodness or instinctive obedience that makes loyalty, but the determination of the will to be good and obe-

dient for the sake of the King. Thus, when Philip comes to Nathanael, his friend, telling the glad tidings out of a heart of love to his friend, Nathanael is only staggered at the word that the Messiah is a Nazarene; he does not refuse to go on with Philip. The honest seeker will try what his best friend suggests. What a flood of such helps we have stood against! Instead of rising up out of our gloomy doubts, and in spite of natural shrinking and questioning, we have refused, oh, how often, to be led by teacher, pastor, friend, by any and all the voices that have called to us to go on to meet the Christ, until we have well-nigh turned our light into darkness.

If we are all earnest learners of Christ to-day, if in our hearts we believe His will is God's will, and that He wants each one of us to be with Him now and hereafter, shall we not make this the first interest of our life, and in all possible ways declare our loyal love to Christ? Is there a higher honor possible to any man or woman than to be sought and called of

Christ, and to be associated with Him? All brotherhoods and fellowships, however high their character and noble their aim, are, after all, far inferior to Christ's Church. For there is a divine Founder and Head over this fellowship of Christians; and we join the Church of Christ for no brief term, nor for temporal ends, but for an everlasting fellowship. The revelation that overwhelmed Nathanael as he spoke to Jesus for the first time may well fill us with amazement, as we are reminded that our search for Christ can never be so early or so anxious as Christ's search for us. When the guileless Nathanael found that Christ's eye had been upon him when he was under the fig-tree, his long anticipations suddenly ripened into full fruition. What could so rouse the worship of the man's heart as to realize that he had been singled out by the Messiah, sought after by the King of Israel? If the Gospel is true, as we believe it to be, there is no one here or anywhere who is not also sought after by Christ. What shall we respond to all the

voices that say to us now, and have been saying to us so long, "Come and see"? Shall we not arise and go to meet the Saviour, and make our search complete by finding Him, our Lord and Redeemer?

THE TREE OF CONVICTION.

And behold, there was a man named Zaccheus which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him, for He was to pass that way. — Luke xix. 2-4.

Not very far from the fig-tree of Nathanael's search for the Messiah is the sycamore-tree, where Zaccheus not only looked for and saw Jesus, but where he also became convinced of Christ's right to be the guest of his home and heart. In the shadow of this goodly tree of the kingdom we may do well to linger. A very different man is this rich, miserly Jew, Zaccheus, from the studious, noble Israelite, Nathanael. The one is fraudulent, the other is guileless; yet both are seekers after the Messiah. Nathanael is led on by the personal entreaty of a friend, and finds in Jesus all that he had anticipated; Zaccheus is carried along by his own native curiosity,

and finds in Jesus a great deal more than he had anticipated. The one rises up from his study of Messianic prophecy, and goes to see the Christ foretold; the other emerges from his pilfering life, and climbs into the sycamore boughs "to see Jesus who he was." The different conditions under which Jesus met and dealt with persons in His ministry is always fascinating and instructive. He does not speak and act by any set rule or stereotyped form, but always according to the individual condition and character of those addressed. What a different picture we have of our Lord as the guest in the Bethany home, from the picture of Him in connection with the woman at the well in Sychar! In the home of those pure-minded, loving friends, He is a visitor easily unfolding the riches of His spirit to those whose minds are in sympathy with Him, and who are ready to absorb His every word. At the well of Jacob He is just as anxious to be a friend and teacher; but, before He can pos sibly be realized as such by the Samaritan woman, He must cut a path through the tangle of an unholy life by the keen words

He utters, and pour in the sunlight of His divine truth into the dark chambers of her soul, before a loving fellowship could be brought about between sinner and Saviour. And yet how true it is that we learn to worship the Redeemer at just those places where He met the sinful ones, and saved them into holy affection and discipleship. Meagre and unsatisfying the Gospel narratives would be for us, had we no accounts of just such scenes as that by the Sychar well, and this of the sycamore-tree, where those who came before Jesus craved something more than the look or word of a human soul, however tender and deep. The power, the perennial glory, and the exhaustless inspiration of the Gospel, may be traced to the spots where Jesus met sinners so much like ourselves, and changed them, by His own singular, divine power, into disciples and friends of Himself, then into apostles of His truth and Church.

So Zaccheus interests us. He was a sinner, by his own confession. He must have felt condemned before he left the stand where he practised extortion upon the poor Jews, and grew rich upon these

ill-gotten gains. It is not necessary that the motives which lead into the high and holy experiences of life be always lofty and great. The little accidental things, as they seem to us, sometimes prove to have been the magnificent providences which issue in great results. And how often we trace the fact of a soul's conversion to the friendly word or to the expostulation of a neighbor, teacher, parent! A book put into the hand; a visit to the home of a Christian; a special service or sermon, — may be the impulse which issues in the conversion of a soul to Christ. It is never safe to ignore the little events of life. The tax-gatherer, Zaccheus, had no thought of being so soon the honored host of the renowned Galilean Master and Miracle-worker, as he left the receipt of customs that day "to see Jesus who he was;" he only intended to put himself in a place where he could look upon Jesus as He passed, and so satisfy his curiosity to see this strangely successful Teacher from Galilee.

We find something in the experience of Zaccheus which is quite like that of

Nathanael in meeting the Messiah. Both these men were amazed to find themselves sought after by Him whom they were seeking. And is not this the great overwhelming surprise of every seeker, in every age? Do we not all have this same great wonder spreading like a sunrise glory over all the world within, when we fully and freely give ourselves to an earnest search after Christ? We have found that peculiar joy which is sure to come to all who say, from their hearts, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Do we not all then realize that we have not approached a sleeping or indifferent Saviour, but that all along He has loved us with an everlasting love, so that we never could be the first parties in a search which ends in fellowship with Christ? More than we can ever know, probably, the divine love that goes out from God's heart, touches us, starts the helping influences which bring us to meet our Lord, if we do not stubbornly resist those motives and helpful agencies.

That which makes the meetings of Nathanael and Zaccheus with Jesus such

instructive examples as they are, lies largely in the fact that they are such thoroughly representative characters. Nathanael has grown up a guileless man, like many a man in modern times, without any personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ. On the other hand, Zaccheus, by his own confession, is a conscious sinner, and unjust. Both these men find a new revelation and a new life as they come face to face with the Messiah. But Nathanael is not the only noble man who has advanced from a life of respectable, moral, and even religious habits, into the warmer and more life-giving spirit of a Christian. The essential element of guilelessness which Jesus recognized in Nathanael lies in the spirit of readiness to follow up every new hint or suggestion of service to Christ. There may be guilelessness in the heathen, who knows no better than to worship an idol; but, once convinced that the God of the Bible is the only true God, and that Jesus Christ His Son is the only Saviour, and there can be no guilelessness if he remains an idolater, because he is too selfish or too indolent to

take up the cross of Christian discipleship. Christ becomes a terrible bar of judgment when we come face to face with Him, listen to His words, understand what He asks of us, and then turn our backs upon His claims. If we can do this to-day, we can do it more easily next Sunday, and so on all through life; and fellowship with the discarded Saviour grows more and more difficult. So, too, Zaccheus is not the only man who has grown tired of his sinful practises, and felt restless and become anxious to see something of Jesus. He must have felt, as we all feel when conscious of disobedience to God's will, that Jesus could have very little interest in such a sinner. But in whom is Jesus interested, if not in sinners? How strong and clear are the words spoken by Him to Zaccheus, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

How much more it must have cost this publican to meet Christ face to face, than it did Nathanael. The moral nature of this upright man had not been degraded by wicked conduct to fellow-men; he already felt loyally toward the Messiah of

his visions and of the Hebrew prophecies. On the other hand, Zaccheus had no such preparation of soul to make his first meeting with Jesus an unmixed joy. Nathanael, under the fig-tree, was like a traveller among the Alps who rests on the mountain-side, and looks off to cloud-capped peaks that obstruct his view of distant ranges; Nathanael, face to face with the Messiah, was the traveller on the summit of the mountain, above the clouds, looking indeed into new heavens, and upon the clouds which are now all below him, changed into wondrous billows of glory, bathed as they are in the light of the sun.

Zaccheus, upon the limb of the sycamore-tree, was like the ship trembling upon the crest of a wave in a stormy sea, soon to plunge into fearful depths and to be drenched by the ocean, before righting itself to move onward in triumph. A strange demand came from Jesus straight to the conscience of the man who obeyed the voice which said, "Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." How does He know my name; how came He to see me? — are questions

that must have shot through his confused mind, as he let himself down by the boughs of the tree to stand side by side with Him of whom he had heard so much, and who now, after the manner of kings, invited Himself to the house of a publican.

We find in the Gospel narrative no trace of any inquiry by the Master respecting the way in which Zaccheus had been doing business. All we have is the simple command, "Zaccheus, come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." Our Lord never put Himself before a sinner in the *role* of a mere attorney, to question and cross-question for the sake of drawing out mere splinters of a truthful confession from a reluctant, secretive bosom. It is not the *credo* of the lips but of the heart that He always listens to hear. Any sinner who becomes convinced, like Zaccheus, that Jesus is worthy to be his guest, knows also, with that publican, that cherished sins must be banished from the place where Jesus abides. Here is the great searching demand which Zaccheus felt as he stood before the Master. Conviction of the truth of Christianity demands the

forsaking of sin. The philosophy of Christ's salvation has its profoundest depth just here. To keep our actions in harmony with our convictions is the supreme condition of all healthful and joyful living. To carry about a conviction that calls upon us for a certain definite action, and yet fail to act, is like having a good foundation for a house without putting a building upon it. Why take pains to build the foundation, if you rear no structure on the granite base? The foundation is soon undermined and ruined by storms and exposure, if left without the promised superstructure. So a conviction is not an end in itself, but is good for nothing but to mock the builders, unless built upon and covered by the house. How many miserable, ever-failing foundations in Christian character-building there are! How many have been convinced that the religion of Jesus Christ is saving and needful, and have stopped just there, — mere basements of useful, influential Christians! Convinced by the saintly life of a mother, by the teachings of pulpit and Sunday-school, by the renewing effects of salva-

tion seen in the lives of faithful disciples, by the growth and usefulness of institutions saturated with the spirit of Christ, — convinced, but not conformed! How many part company with Zaccheus at his door-step, and go back, after having seen Jesus, to do just as they have done before, without making a single move to act up to their convictions; while the publican said, "I will try to undo all my wrong, and be a true host of the Master and Saviour, Jesus Christ." It might be difficult to find any one in our Christian communities who hates Christ and the institutions of His Church. We do not find any one anxious to cleanse the floor where a Christian teacher has stood, as in heathen countries. Even bad men are often found glad to see Christian interests flourishing. Multitudes are convinced that Christ and Christianity, where rightly taught, make every element of social life better. Yet how many men fail to act thoroughly according to their convictions! How many, when called to come down from their sycamore-tree of conviction, to be the host of their Saviour, refuse to obey!

Many prefer to keep their place of curious and perhaps critical on-lookers, and do not obey when the clear personal call comes to them to be something more than observers of religion from pew or drawing-room, mere spectators of the long procession of the ages, made up of the multitudes who have not been ashamed to be called the followers of Christ. It is when the conviction comes to the publican that Jesus is right and he is wrong, then the new, strenuous demand rests down upon his conscience. Conviction must be followed by conformity; and conformity to Christ's standard meant the undoing of wrong, the repenting of sins, so that he might attach his sympathy and loyalty to his Divine Guest. Is it not this straightforward and thoroughly manly action of Zaccheus which makes him an exemplar? Would that we all might put to ourselves this test, Can I entertain the Lord? This can be joyfully done if we are ready to say, with Zaccheus, "I quit, once for all, every mean thing, everything that I know to be inconsistent for a Christian disciple; and I will let the Master not into my house

only, but into my heart as well; and I welcome His full control of my every interest." To have any secret plan or pursuit closed fast against God is to make ourselves incapable of hospitality towards Him.

Thus, as we look at Zaccheus among the branches of the sycamore-tree, into which he climbed to see Jesus, we see a representative of a vast multitude of this and of every age, who are at least willing to turn a seeing eye and a listening ear toward Christ and Christianity. Probably no age was ever more willing to see Jesus as He is than this in which we live. The world is growing tired of speculations and theories and theologies. It wants to see Him as He is. It is the hopeful sign of our times that the best thought of the Christian Church is learning its theology from Christ, not Christ from theology. This will bring new and great things to the Church at large, — more vitality, more integrity, more unity, more charity, more power, more likeness to Christ in those who are Christians. Before leaving the sycamore-tree, we need to notice, by way

of contrast, what other course lay before Zaccheus after he had discovered who Jesus was. He might have opened his door simply, and given his Guest a place in his home. He might have set before Him the best things of his house; just as we can refrain from all opposition to religious things, even give our money and interest to the work of Christ among us, and yet without being ourselves Christians. But could Zaccheus, can we, enter into the higher range of hospitality through which one lets his guest not only into the most private room, but also into his own thought, feeling and pursuits, unless Christ be admitted to the inmost life? Ah, when we think of this quality of hospitality which we accord only to the truest friend, do we not feel how far we are from being truly hospitable to Him who would be our Divine Guest and Friend? If religion is a burden and task to us; if we hasten to escape from a religious atmosphere, and dread to come near to Christ, wishing to hide away where we can see and not be seen, then we are convinced simply, and need yet to be conformed. Is not the

separation which one can bring about between himself and Christ that which throws upon each one the entire responsibility, now and hereafter, of entering or refusing heaven? Christ, the Son of God, the impersonation of truth and love, cannot change. We can and ought to change; for we are dependent, weak, sinful. Our conviction that Christ is right should do for us what the same conviction did for Zaccheus, — change our purposes, our conduct, our hearts, our whole life; so that we shall not seek to hide among the branches, but be glad to become the host of Jesus, giving Him the first and best place in our affections and life.

May we all be as brave and loyal as Zaccheus; and let our conviction that Jesus is the Teacher, the Miracle-worker, the Son of Man, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, bring us all into close and loving relations with Him, so that He shall be Guest in the central chamber of our souls, the Master of the life that now is and of that which is to come!

In the famous painting of Munkaczy, "Christ before Pilate," there is a new con-

ception of our Lord represented by the artist. Pilate is the princely figure, clothed with judicial authority by the Roman Emperor. He sits in the robes of state, while the Jewish priests and the rabble hurry the offenseless Christ into the judgment hall. Here we see, not the meek and subdued Christ, so usual in art, with the look of inexpressible grief and fatigue, but He has the searching, convicting eye of a Judge; while in Pilate's face there is the vacillating, unpoised look of a culprit. In the careless, rudely curious, bawling populace crowding about the figure of Christ, and even in the look of the rigidly prejudiced Pharisees and priests who stand around Pilate, there is no such look of conviction as is seen in the face of Pilate, who was compelled to say, "I find no fault in Him." Pilate was convinced, but not conformed. Over those others who madly followed the lead of the hierarchs, having no such conviction as that which weighed upon Pilate, the dying Saviour, a few hours later, prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The artist has brought,

into his picture of marvellous power and action, a truth of the Gospel, — that he who judges Christ is judged of Him. Our lesson to-day shows how conviction may pass into conformity to Christ, and how this conformity brings joy and salvation to the believing soul.

THE TREE OF GROWTH.

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. — Matt. xiii. 31, 32.

In all these parables of the New Testament it is the kingdom of heaven that is made important. How many different things it is likened unto! In the way it is to win against oppositions, it is like the struggle of the wheat against the tares of the field. In respect to its importance, it is like a pearl of great price, or the treasure hid in a field. In respect to its penetrating and transforming power, it is like the leaven hid in the meal, and which at last leavens the whole lump. In this parable we have the kingdom of heaven likened, in its growth, to the mustard seed, "which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the

greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree."

The small beginning of any large result always interests us. If an infant is more attractive and beautiful to us than a kitten or a colt, it is scarcely because there is more comeliness or intelligence manifested. How much brighter and more responsive are the young of the domestic animals than the little infant; and yet what unremitting attentions and thought, devotion and love, do infants call forth, while we soon leave the young colt or lamb to their playfulness. Does not this superior charm of the infant come from the superior destiny belonging to its life? The infant may be far duller than the kitten; but we think of the endless life that goes with the one little bundle, while the other living playthings are born only for a brief existence. There are infinite possibilities wrapped up in that cradle, and so the infant life is guarded with sacred care and patient watchfulness. Then, too, we like to witness the expansion of that which is small into the larger and complete result. The little bud opening into a full leaf is at-

tractive. The small seed becoming a stocky plant or tree is a marvellous picture, and yet is often before us. Growth is the great kingly attribute of life; and that the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a grain of mustard seed, — the least of seeds, — is profoundly inspiring. The kingdom of heaven is a growth. Whether we speak of the kingdom of heaven as an outward organization, a society in the world, or as a spiritual force and quality of the soul, the truth is the same, — a small beginning and a large result.

There are some very practical and helpful lessons that shine out from this parable of the mustard seed. First, the kingdom of heaven is something quite distinct and definite. Although this spiritual kingdom penetrates and permeates like leaven, losing itself at length in the larger measure as the whole lump receives its influence, still, the leaven is not really lost; it has expanded itself, and so entered into other materials as to give them a new quality by its presence in the midst of them. We need to reflect that the most definite things of the world are not always

things of sense. The life of the tree does not make itself definite and distinct by occupying a particular limb or section of the trunk, but rather by the thorough and complete difference made in the whole tree by its being alive. Every fibre, every branch and twig, every leaf, is touched and changed by the presence of the tree's life. The life of the tree indicates its presence by the whole character of the tree. So, when the kingdom of heaven is likened unto the grain of mustard seed, we find a complete harmony with the parable of the leaven; only that the distinctness and definiteness of the kingdom seem more conspicuous here. The kingdom is not necessarily large in the beginning, but it is something entirely different from every other germ and force in the world. It has an inherent persistency, a marvellous vigor of growth; so that from the very least beginning it grows to be the very largest thing in the world, and changes by degrees the very world itself. To the disciples who listened to Jesus, this was almost entirely prophecy. All that they could verify was the fact that the

kingdom was small, the very least of societies or sects among Grecian, Roman, or Hebrew people. Those who first heard the parable could not have seen how the kingdom of heaven, as represented by the spirit and doctrine of their Master, — this kingdom of God which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," — could come to overreach all other societies, and be as much greater than these in its mature development as the full-grown mustard-tree of the East is greater than the tiny seed from which it grows. But we, in looking at the mustard-tree to-day, after it has had nineteen centuries of growth, find it easy to believe Christ's prophecy. Wherever the seed has been planted and cared for, how it has grown! In 1820, Capt. Cook lands upon the Sandwich Islands, and the seed of the Gospel is sown in savage, cannibal bosoms. In fifty years those islands are civilized. So, everywhere the kingdom takes hold of society, it grows up and outreaches every other organism, in influence, if not in numbers. The Christian Church may be limited to one noble soul in a whole com-

munity of godless persons; but, if that soul is on fire, burning with the same magnificent light that comes from heaven to lighten every one who will be lighted, one soul, alive with love to God and love to fellow-men, will be soil enough to grow the mustard-seed; and it is sure to put a shade over all other societies and organizations that can spring up among men, and will give shelter and power to those who will lodge in its branches.

The kingdom of God is distinct and definite. It may be said that this mustard plant of the kingdom is only one of a great many plants, — the Christian religion one of many faiths, philosophies, organizations in the world. It is only a rival of these. It will last for a time, then decay. Or, it may be objected — against the claim of the distinctive character of Christianity — that superstitions and fanaticisms and secularities have grown up about this kingdom of God, like vines that often entangle and choke the wheat of the field, and hide from view the grain. And just here we need to be very discriminating in our thoughts of the kingdom of God. The

Church organization, like the professing Christian, may become all overgrown with superstition, fanaticism and worldliness; but the cockle that chokes some spires of wheat, the vine that twists to death a shrub or plant, does not change wheat into cockle or tree into vine. If a Church becomes persecuting and un-Christlike, it is no longer the kingdom of God; no society of men and women, no organization, however solemn their praises, however loud their prayers, or faultless their theories, no fellowship of men which separates from Christ's spirit, His law of life and conduct, — none such are of His kingdom. "Righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" are indelible marks of the kingdom of God; and without these tokens all protestations of worthiness must go for naught. "Depart from me, I never knew you," are the words our Lord spoke for those who in this life said, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name?" The thought in another setting is this: the kingdom of God is not lost or checked by the decay of Christianity at large, or by local or individual lapsing into un-Christlike life

and conduct. There has always been, ever since Christ lived and taught on earth, the kingdom of heaven among men. Protests and reformations have been the hands that have snatched away the choking growths that have come up about the Christian Church. But, even when the Christian Church meant war, and when Christians were the worst tyrants and persecutors of fellow-men, there was still the kingdom of God, if only in some dim cloister, or shrunk back within the lids of the Word of God. Even in the times of serious depletion, when the coldest winter of disbelief prevailed over the Christian Church, still, even then, the mustard-tree, however frost-bitten, has never been cut down or lost sight of, but has grown and grown, until already the birds are flying to its branches.

The parable suggests another practical lesson, which history also helps to illustrate. When the parable was spoken in Palestine, there were no birds flying for refuge into the branches of this mustard-tree of the kingdom. There were no branches, no twigs; there was only the

great Sower Himself with His seed, and a few open hearts ready to receive this seed of the word. Out of the human heart the kingdom must grow. The seed was brought from heaven, and with the hand of infinite care was cast into the hearts of men. As this plant began to grow, after Pentecost, the birds of respectability, philosophy, and government, flew at it like harpies or hungry vultures, anxious to pick it to pieces. None of these sought to shelter themselves under its tender branches, or to plume themselves among its leaves. How the Epicurean philosophers laughed at the ideas of self-sacrifice and brotherly love, products of the Christian root! How the proud Stoics wondered! How the lascivious and self-indulgent grew anxious, then maddened, at the teachings of virtue and purity! How the killing of weak infants, according to the state law of Greece, looked over against the picture of a little child in the arms of Jesus! How the debasement of women and cruelty to slaves, known in all that Hellenic civilization, was opposed by Paul's sermon on Mars Hill, as he preached the brotherhood of man! Did

the Roman Senate, did the emperors or procurators, care to have the laws of the empire accord with the new commandment Christ gave? Government and power were exalted against Christianity, not for it, during the first three centuries of our era. But how is it now? Christ's word that this mustard seed would grow and spread as a tree, until the birds of the air would shelter themselves among its branches, is being fulfilled in our age. Does the man who would be honored, respected, and saved from harm, need to fly from the kingdom of heaven to-day, or to deny Christ, as did Peter in the palace of the governor, to save his life? One of the dangers to-day threatening the Christian Church is that her branches may break down with the heavy weight of the birds of popularity. It is not unpopular to be a Christian. Men do not lose caste in civilized lands by lodging in the mustard-tree of the kingdom of heaven.

Another practical lesson which we must draw from the parable is this, — the kingdom of heaven is progressive. Not that any revision of the truth has been, or will

be, necessary. Not that the plan or quality of the tree could be improved; but in growth, in dimensions, in the depth to which its roots shall run in the world, and in the sheltering, healing power of its leaves, as all the hopes and needs of humanity fly to it, — in this there shall be endless progress. It seems a slow growth to us, perhaps; but God has planted the seed, and the tree is to grow forever. Where have the best philosophers of the world stood while they thought and wrote of the world, of man, and of God? From Paul down through the ages to the Christian philosophers of our own time, have they not all stood under the branches of the mustard-tree of the kingdom of heaven? The best philosophy says the world is a school, a scene of probation; and Christ also taught this. The best philosophy says God is a person, and wants our personal obedience to all laws of righteousness; and this was Christ's own law and life. It has been well said, that, if all Bibles were lost to-day, the best books of the world could be gathered, and the Bible be re-made from them. The thought is

based upon the truth that men of soundest mind and most penetrating thought have found the ultimate standards of law and righteousness in the laws and life of the kingdom of God, disclosed by Jesus Christ. Is not the restlessness of society to-day, the conflict between classes, the jarring and jostling of men in different ranks, brought about by failures to recognize or to exhibit in conduct the principles of the Gospel of Christ? The most sober and upright statesmen and scholars of our land are seeking to rouse among leaders, in all departments of influence, a higher and diviner practice of government. Towards the branches of this mustard-tree of the kingdom of Christ we must point when we choose our legislators and governors, and ask that they do their thinking and speaking under the shadow of this goodly tree. Only so shall we feel safe as a people.

Has the seed been planted in our hearts? Does the prayer Christ taught nourish this tiny seed in our life? If we can say Yes, to these questions, it is enough. The kingdom of God, which is within, without, and above us, shall have

infinite meaning for us. Our life shall not be frittered away in sordid selfishness; but "We are laborers together with God," on an everlasting structure that shall stand when the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and all that is seen has vanished. The kingdom of heaven is a reality. Let us live for its glory and labor for its growth.

THE TREE OF REDEMPTION.

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree. — 1 Peter ii. 24.

And He went out bearing the cross for Himself. — John xix. 17.

Heroism is always attractive to us. The brave, chivalric, manly deed always wins applause. We like to see life at its best. Anything that will not break under heavy pressure is valuable. You may see, on the streams which run from the north in many of our States, from time to time during the year, quantities of timbers drifting slowly with the current. They have no motion of their own; they move only with the stream, following all its bends, dropping over all its falls. But when those timbers are wrought into the ship, and the tree becomes the mast; when winds are taken into the sails, and direction is given to the vessel laden with goods and life, — then we are impressed and interested as we never could be in watch-

ing simply the raft tardily floating upon the current. Just so, life may be borne along upon a stream, moving only according to the motion of affairs; or it may take into itself a purpose, and become, like the ship, a burden-bearer in the world.

Christ bearing the cross for Himself is the picture given us in the text, and it is one which seems to belong with what precedes. At the very threshold of our theme we are reminded how that loneliness of Christ in His cross-bearing extends to all mankind. We cannot have each other's companionship in the highest or the deepest points of experience. In the depths of grief or upon the summits of joy there is no place for a throng. The crowds are on the open thoroughfares and in the market places. In all the profounder and more exalted passages one must be content to go alone. We all must have felt the difficulty there is in trying to share the weight of real trials and crosses with fellow-men; how hard it is for the hand of tenderest human sympathy to grasp the great, heavy, crushing cross that falls upon us as our burden in the journey of

life. There is, in the experience of almost all of us, some one chief thing worthy of being called a cross. What untold stories of sighs and grief and heartache gather about each one's cross! There are many little trials, vexations, and perplexities belonging to every-day life in home and in business, not worthy to be called crosses, as we think of the one great burden, the real cross, which absorbs so much of the sunlight of our life, and, like a desert, seems to drink up the very dews of heaven. Is it a galling sense of poverty? Is it the crushing realization of neglect? Is it a great loss, bringing distress or loneliness? Is it the unfaithfulness of a child or companion? Is it the blighting of a hope or purpose? Is it the interruption of a plan of life, or the narrowness or obscurity of life's path? Is it some disagreeable bondage or service, or some work you feel is unworthy of your powers? Is it an infirmity which crowds out joy from your soul? Is it some great, constant burden, some fiery trial, whitening all too soon the hairs of your head? Be the cross what it may, it is that which

may make Christ's example in cross-bearing significant and saving to us. I think we all come, sooner or later, to recognize that crosses must be borne. They drop down upon us very unaccountably. Just when we are doing our best, perhaps, and are most clearly in the path of duty, cherishing the noblest and highest purposes, some great trial comes to us, and comes to stay. If we try to bury it, it comes up out of the burial place; it is with us while we play and while we work. There is no closet close enough, no vault strong enough, to keep it away from the heart where it leans steadfastly. We may conclude that He who created this human life designed that crosses should go with it. There is something of adaptation, too, in the kind of cross given to us; it is fitted to our shoulders. There is truth in the legend that tells how a group of saints once complained of their crosses, and were finally allowed to lay down each his own peculiar load; and, when the pile was completed, each could choose from all those gathered crosses the one he felt would be easier than his own. So each

saint went his way with a fresh cross; but soon they all returned, tired and sore, throwing down the galling burden they had severally chosen, each gladly taking up again his own old cross.

Who would dare to rise up and say to any fellow-man to-day, if he could, "Exchange crosses with me"? Do we not all realize how we might stagger in trying to walk with the burden that is fitted to another's life and not to our own? The fine art of life, after all, is to know how to bear, and not how to avoid, the cross. It was but a rude thing that Christ was bearing as He went forth from the prætorium towards Calvary,— bars of wood, the cross upon which He was to be crucified. The greatest burden was not upon our Lord's shoulder, but upon his heart. Men saw the symbol. Christ had been bearing His own cross all through the years of his ministry, and not simply on that Friday morning. The agony and sweat of Gethsemane; His intercessory prayers upon the mountain-top at midnight; His tears over Jerusalem; His miracles and searching sermons,— were all pressed out by the bur-

den upon the spirit of Him who "trod the wine-press alone."

And yet the cross is a symbol of victory, the very means of salvation. How does this appear? How can it be possible that the heavy burdens of the soul can become the soul's strengtheners? There is nothing interesting or attractive to us in a person's crying over his misfortune and trouble. That man does not rouse the deepest sympathy of friends and neighbors, who is continually whining over his lot, complaining of the cross that is upon him. We like to help the man who refuses help. There is something strangely attractive in the one who is struggling beneath heavy burdens. Then, if we find he is not only carrying a heavy cross, but is also careful to keep the cross from falling upon others, we are all the more drawn to him. We all must have met such characters in our experiences. We may have just gone from the side of one who thought this a very bad world, and God a very unjust Ruler, because trials are so great, and there is so much to contend against,—sickness, losses, anxieties, disappointments, toil. But now

we come face to face with one who we know has a great, fresh trial, or a long-borne burden that would seem enough to break down the spirit and quench out all brightness of life. Yet how astonishingly cheerful the face, how buoyant the spirits, how unlike what we might naturally expect to find with one so burdened! So forgetful of self this one seems to be, that you even hesitate to ask any question that might indicate sympathy. There seems to be no place for condolence or compassion; you feel there is a wealth of something in that soul which you have not, and you feel poorer and more pitiable even than the one whom you stood ready to help and to pity. But no doubt a cross is there; and it seems so much more of a cross than the trial of which others so loudly and sorrowfully complained, that we grow astonished not to hear complaints. But not a word, only expressions of God's goodness and favor, and the mercies of heaven vouchsafed; and we are silent in wonder.

Through such experiences we gain knowledge of the secret of this matter of cross-bearing. These bright, inspiring souls

who never complain of God's hardness or of the world's shadows, but who seem to be living in the upper airs of a better world; these, who have borne and are bearing crosses, have found the meaning and the glory of the cross of Christ, for they bear all their burdens for His sake. Is it not this living out of self and for others, and for that chief other One, our Saviour; is it not this carrying all wealth and all needs of the soul straight to our Divine Master, that brings the richest of life's blessings? Events that meet us in the path of duty are, after all, very much as we interpret them, — bane or blessing. The loss of friend or fortune to one of us may be a great calamity, a fearful discouragement. The light of life may seem to go out, the power of reason be absorbed, in the loss. To another, there may be also the keen sense of loss, the night of personal sorrow; but, leaning heavily upon the arm of Him who says "the waters shall not overflow thee," he goes forth bravely bearing the trial for the sake of Him who gives all gifts, and sustains us with all our crosses besides. Then his sorrow does not overwhelm.

Do we not all know that it makes a vast difference with us whether we take up the common toils of every day with some inspiring aim and object, or as a piece of drudgery? What is it that puts nerve and energy, hope and faith, into the lives of men who go forth upon the multitudinous paths of human toil, but the love of wife, of sons, and daughters? The group about the hearthstone inspires busy men, and helps them through many a dark and weary hour of toil. Then let your cross come down before you, and into your life! Does God mean that this shall be a great, dark, saddening thing to you through all your life? It may become so, but it is not God's will that it should be so. You may hug and cherish your grief, and try to persuade yourself that God has been hard towards you, and that you have a perfect right to be hard and unloving towards Him, and so go on dragging the cross in gloom through all your experiences; or you may lift it up, like the conquering armies of Constantine, saying, "In this sign we conquer."

The cross is God's meeting-place with

men. It is where those who grow bright and joyous in cross-bearing find sweetest communion with Him who is able to succor the tempted and tried. Let every cross be taken up for God; then His strength comes into arm and heart. All the life grows sunnier, richer, deeper. Bunyan shows us Pilgrim kneeling at the cross, and the burden there rolling from his shoulders. This is Christ's instruction. He bore His own cross for His Father's sake — "Not My will, but Thine, be done." He is one with the Father; and, bearing His cross, salvation and eternal life come pouring down from heaven to us, and to the whole world. Our crosses should take us along the same path; then we shall find them the means of victory and salvation. God's strength underneath our cross will make it light, and His face above it will make it radiant. Then we can sing, "In the cross of Christ I glory."

There is, then, a way by which life's burdens may cease to be heavy and depressing. There is a way by which the very tears we have shed over them may brighten into a rainbow of hope and joy. How

often it is true that the richest, fullest, purest lives issue, like mountain streams of crystal water, from some cold, secret, rocky place. Not long since a friend asked me to bend down and look through the transparent water of his spring, whence the delicious water was streaming up through the face of a huge rock. How often the attention of the world has been arrested by the appearance of some noble character, whose eloquence or whose song or whose reforming zeal has made a century significant, and has left an enduring impression upon the whole world. Yet many such whose stream of influence runs richly and powerfully through the world must say, with Paul, that it broke forth from some great, stony trial: "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea."

Then afterwards, when the stream of life has broken through, Paul's words of triumph become the experience of every victorious soul: "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in

persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake. For when I am weak then am I strong." Luther was hunted by enemies, locked up in the Wartburg Castle alone; but the leaves of the translated Bible pour out through the doors of his prison, and are scattered throughout Germany. God, and all holy voices, came to help the man bear his cross as he bore it for his Lord. So the apostle made every trial, imprisonment, beating, shipwreck, a new spring of power, as he endured all for Christ's sake. Let us not pray for an escape from the cross that is ours, but bear it as Christ teaches us; bear it for God, whatever it may be. Then our cross is transformed. We find, with Paul, that God's grace is sufficient for us; our "strength is made perfect in weakness." Our life shall grow deeper and fuller as we go forth in His spirit Who bearing His cross trod the path of obedience and died for us, and then rose again from the dead as the promise and power of an endless life for His disciples.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—REV. xxii. 14.

Like some grand and ancient tree of the forest—like the tall and over-reaching cedar of the north — above the common reach of trees, so that it is seen from far away with its crown of everlastingness, — is this tree of the kingdom — the tree of life! Spoken of in Genesis as the tree in the midst of the garden, and kept by a guard of cherubim at the east of the garden of Eden, we learn but little more about this tree until John sees it in the Apocalyptic vision on Patmos, while the curtains of mortal sight drew back for a season, and let in upon him the revelation of things of the other world.

Those first words about the tree of life in the story of creation kindle a deep interest in it, for the words there indicate that something vastly good for us is in the fruit of that tree.

The words in Genesis about the tree of life are few and poetic, and possible mystical, but they are clear in telling us that there is no finding this tree by accident, or by stealth. No one can steal the fruit of the tree of life.

There are flaming swords that keep all such ways leading to the golden fruit of that central tree of God's garden.

Tireless, sleepless cherubim keep the way for those who walk as God has planned.

Oh, wonderful truth about this tree of life, shining out of the poetic story of creation, and deepening and broadening through all the history of humanity, till the words of Revelation repeat the truth in celestial pictures, that "to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

That the fruit of the tree of life is for those who search, and see, and strive, and suffer, and obey — that the tree of life is for those who hunger after righteousness, and who are willing to be led by God's cherubim — this is the great truth about

the tree of life in the Paradise of Genesis, and in the Paradise of Revelation.

Definiteness of description we have not as to the tree of life. It is doubtful if we could be helped much in reaching the tree of life, or in taking its fruit, had we any more words about the tree, as to dimensions, shape, texture, and other features of goodly trees of earth.

Doubtless there is something greater for us to think, because of the unsaid things about the tree. It is not always mere words that we need to help us up into truth.

It would be easy to complain of the revelator's way of speaking of the tree of life, as growing on "either side of the river of the water of life"; but how could the tree seem different, if its roots drink the water of the crystal stream from God's throne; and its twelve kinds of fruit among the healing leaves reach out on branches which touch the outermost bounds of heaven, and overshadow the white-robed throng coming up out of "every kindred and tongue, and people and nation"?

We may rejoice that the Bible gives so much support to our instinctive wish to have heaven look to our unveiled, spiritual vision, as this world in its best estate looks to our mortal eye!

We like to think that for every bright, glistening gem of earth, for every beautiful form and object here, there is a corresponding one for the new and keener eye of the spirit.

For the trees of the earth that so transform this dreary, rocky sphere into lands of beauty and fertility — for the trees that are the shelter and home of birds — the guardians of the ground's fertility — and which are verily "man's life," there must be something like them yonder.

What would it be in beauty, in healing and in health-giving fruitage should there grow up by us out of our earth one colossal tree, having all the fruits known on earth which gratify and feed humanity?

Would this not be a return to the ideal life of man on earth — the Paradisaic life, that God made possible, but which man refused. That disobedient hand which reached up and took what God forbade,

closed the gates of the garden-life of man on earth. And yet we may think what it would be (for us) if instead of these days of toil and sweat — in the house, in the field, in the office, study and market place — we had only to pluck from some branch of this great tree its tasteful fruits, and live in the midst of song and fellowship and rest or joyful action.

But even in the world as it is, even in our life of toil and sweat, which flesh and sin made needful, we almost have this tree. How the changing seasons and the moving months bend down to our very hands the branches of the sweetest and best of fruits!

The branches that grow over the distant zones come round to us, so that we have close by us, right here even on these rock-faced hills, richly laden branches of life-giving fruit, so that we must often think that God is more than providential. It must be that God is love, to so make the richest of fruits to succeed each other in lavish abundance from the beginning to the end of the season of growth.

Need we wonder, when we think of this

bounty of the tree of temporal bodily life, that the apostle saw in his new vision of the new world, a tree of life with "twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every month, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations"?

But we are interested now in the path leading up to the tree of life!

There is a beatitude that arrests our attention as we look where John points. "Blessed are they that do his commandments."

Then we remember the path which our first parents took, and the death-dealing fruit they picked and ate. We recall how that path led away from Paradise, because it led away from God.

What a hard, lasting lesson God gave at the very beginning of human history, that there is no tree of life, no garden of Eden, no joy, no rest, no song, where God is not.

How early and how long man has tried to make grow another tree of life than the one God has made, and a Paradise where God has not walked. And so we have the tree of death, the thorny earth,

tears, sweat, anguish, a requiem to which the history of humanity is set.

To try to find more and better life, where God's voice does not approve, is like cleaving into granite for water, or planting an evergreen in ice, or transplanting flowers to a sunless cellar.

If over the path to the tree of life is the beatitude, over the path to the tree of death is the curse.

There is a fork in the road to the tree of life. Every one must stand some day where the road divides, and settle the question for himself whether he will take the upward path that God's voice and cherubim point out, or the downward path where Satan leads.

In the first Paradise, disobedience brought spiritual death which is self-banishment from communion with God.

In the new Paradise which John sees in his vision, it is obedience that gives right to the tree of life.

I wish that we might all now gain the fullest possible impression, from this truth that gives added significance to John's vision of the tree of life.

"That they may have right to the tree of life."

We, after all, like to take blessings in the feeling that we have a right to them.

While we recognize that every good and every perfect gift cometh from God, "without money and without price," while we know well that everything we seem to earn is after all a part of a gift of God to us, still God lets us feel that we do possess blessings, and the fruits of His tree of life by a right.

And so the cry comes to us: —

"Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

No one can think of himself as happy hereafter in the shadow of God's tree of life, if he has always tried here to girdle it, or if he has never dug about its roots and worked about it as God directs.

But it is a blessed right one feels to the fruit of the tree of life, when he knows he is ready to do God's commandments.

How does the boy feel at his father's house, as he carries about in his bosom a rebellious disposition toward the parent, and mutters to himself that he will not obey so soon as his father leaves his side? Ah, how his disobedience puts impassable gulfs of separation between himself and his father, and even though his father is in his sight, he is ten thousand leagues away from the father; he does not feel a right to the home, though his father pleads to have him act as a partner there! How God's whole life and revelation seem to bring out the yearning of his heart to have us His children feel a right to the tree of life, which is the sum of all things desirable and blessed.

"To as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become the sons of God." How the Gospel of Christ fills this truth with a living reality!

He who comes into the world as its Saviour, the Son of God, comes to make the world feel a right to heaven, whose

fulness and blessings He reveals! He comes to point the way to the tree of life, the abundant life, the eternal life, which He calls the knowledge of "God and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." "To know thee, the only true God;" this is eternal life. He lays Himself down as a willing gift and sacrifice for men, calling Himself "the Way," and asking the world to follow up by the path of obedient discipleship to the mansions He is preparing beyond the gates of the city, around the tree of life. No flaming swords, no cherubim any more to keep the way of the tree of life, but the keen, searching, dividing sword of His Spirit, that casts a directing beam of light upon every one "that cometh into the world," and convinces "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come."

Then do we not all know the Tree of life — Him "in whom all fulness dwells," who is Alpha and Omega, the Root and Offspring of David, the Branch, the Vine, the Bread of Life, the Hidden Manna, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Light of the World, the bright and

morning Star, the Sun of righteousness, the Strength to the poor, a Refuge from the storm, the Hope of His people, a Horn of Salvation, the Rock of Ages, the Tree of Life? Yes, this Tree is planted by the river of life, and the fruits drop at the feet of every believer.

There is no end to the season of fruitage of the tree of life. To express its perennial bearing, the Apostle says it "yields fruit every month"; and to illustrate its completeness, he says it "bears twelve manner of fruits;" and to show its healthfulness he says "its leaves are for the healing of the nations." Oh, how healing are the fruits of the Tree of Life! We know how healing, how refreshing are the fruits that come to our bedside in sickness, by the hands of loving friends! When every other food is loathed, how the clean, fragrant fruit is welcomed, and how its juices revive us, and seem to be the great medicine for the fevered body!

What are the fruits of the Spirit — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, when reached to us in the hours of trial? These fruits that

grow up on the light sun-lit branches of the tree of life, how precious, as they come from the hands and hearts of those who do Christ's commands for His sake! How these fruits of the celestial tree of life revive us when the world palls upon our senses, when sorrow, or sin, or loss, or death, make all things seem a mockery to us! Then it is that we learn the use of the tree of life.

Can we not see this tree of life now, through the apocalyptic vision, as the sum and fulness of all God has for our immortal life, in the boundless garden of His universe?

The tree of knowledge is as high as eternity; its branches are along the bending paths of the spheres; the constellations, the clusters, and the fixed stars are the gold and silver surfaced fruits of that tree.

But the tree of life, who shall say where its branches reach, and what its fruits are like?

Enough is it for us now to feel that we have a right to the tree of life; then, when the gates shall swing open for us, and we

shall see His face, we shall know. Tasting here the joys of obedient doing His commands, we shall have a right to eat of the fruits of the tree forever.

We shall find doubtless among its branches the great and the good of every age. Moses not now reaching tables of stone to stubborn Israelites; but leading still his people, and the hungering and thirsting ones of other peoples to the higher branches for riper fruits of the tree of knowledge and the tree of life; for he who eats of the fruit of the tree of life, has the seeds of more life to plant. The fruit contains the seed.

I fear we often indulge too much, a sleepy, enervated conception of heaven, when we think of it as all a bare resting place. The poor tired, aching diseased body breeds this heresy to nature. Look at the rosy-cheeked boy who feels no pain and has no lameness! How he runs and loves to spring from one action to another in perfect ease and elasticity of nerve and muscle. You make a prison for him when you shut him up in a little room, or compel him to rest.

Let the hampering shell of the crippled invalid drop away, the flesh, and you shall see a bounding elastic spirit as free and restless as the child's, though fourscore years have made dull and slow every faculty acting through the flesh.

In this world, and now, he who lives the fullest, freest life, is the one who lives in many interests, and who crowds centuries of work into decades of time. So we seem to have a supplement to John's vision in that lately found tomb of Rameses, where there is cut in the Egyptian stone a picture of the tree of life. On the walls of the tomb of Rameses, there is the bas-relief depicting the apotheosis of the king. He is represented as entering the society of the gods, all of whom are engaged in inscribing his name upon the fruits of the tree of life; and they bear in their left hands the emblems of perpetuity during millions and millions of years.

If Egyptian civilization, with its sluggish heathen religion and philosophy, could give birth to such lofty thoughts, need we shrink from the doctrine of the Apostle, that we all may come to be kings and

priests unto God through Him that hath loved us?

He who comes from God to us, saying, "I am the vine, and ye are the branches" — ye who believe and obey me — He also said He was the Light and the Life of men.

While Egyptian faith carves in stone the tree of life, and makes a picture of gods meeting the king at death, and lifting him to the society of the gods; while they write his name upon the fruits of the tree of life — we turn to the Apostle's vision of the new Paradise, having "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it, and His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

"Hearken! The voice of the Lord
Among the trees! Forth by the waters still
Of everlasting comfort, He doth lead
His people; and their sun shall set no more,
And no rough winds shall rise to blow
Upon their heads. For God himself doth keep
This garden: every moment with His dews
Doth water it, and shine upon it with
His face. What time the sweet south winds do blow
Upon the garden all the spices cast
Their fragrance forth, and all the trees are stirred
To heavenly music, and the people walk
In white, and lo! the Lamb is in their midst."

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